

# THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCLVII.

## CONTENTS

I. Presidential Possibilities. <i>By Sydney Brooks</i> . . . . .	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	579
II. A Master of the Sonnet: Eugene Lee-Hamilton. <i>By Linda Villari</i> . . . . .	ALBANY REVIEW	590
III. The Power of the Keys. Chapter X. In the Enemy's Camp. <i>By Sydney C. Grier.</i> (To be continued.) . . . . .		595
IV. The Function of Modern Art Criticism. <i>By L. March Phillips</i> . . . . .	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	602
V. Probationary. Chapter IX. <i>By Edmund Candler.</i> (Conclusion.) . . . . .	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	613
VI. Tropical Climates in the Polar Regions. <i>By Clements R. Markham</i> . . . . .	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	617
VII. The Dean's Dilemma. <i>By Edward John Prior</i> . . . . .	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	622
VIII. The Russian Horizon. <i>By Wildover Johnson</i> . . . . .	ALBANY REVIEW	627
IX. Proposed Alteration in the Calendar. <i>By W. T. L.</i> . . . . .	NATURE	632
X. The Late Prime Minister and Home Rule. <i>By John Redmond, M.P.</i> . . . . .	NATION	634
XI. Flower of Orange. <i>By Owen Seaman</i> . . . . .	PUNCH	636
XI. The Future in Spanish America. . . . .	ECONOMIST	637
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XIII. To a Lady of the Eighteenth Century, in Memory of Metastasio <i>By L.</i> . . . . .		578
XIV. Songs of the Road. <i>By Henry Newbolt</i> . . . . .	SPECTATOR	578
XV. To a Linnet. <i>By Ralph Hodgson</i> . . . . .	SATURDAY REVIEW	578
BOOKS AND AUTHORS . . . . .		639



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

TO A LADY OF THE EIGHTEENTH  
CENTURY, IN MEMORY OF  
METASTASIO.

Nice, though your lips of coral  
Now are dust;  
And the schoolboy scans the moral  
Graven on your broken bust.

In the gilt barocco chapel  
After Mass;  
Where ten coats with brodered lapel  
Bent when Nice used to pass.

Still perchance your spirit hovers  
Where the lute  
And the voices of your lovers  
Chimed, but now are gone and mute.

Where the lonely arbor's hollow  
Shadler grows,  
And the butterflies can follow  
Fearlessly to kiss the rose.

And you smile because a poet  
A la mode  
Flouted you; and then, we know it,  
Wrote an abject palinode.

For your hands, though light as  
feathers,  
Held him tight:  
Love was made to last all weathers,  
Not to change with day and night.

L.

SONGS OF THE ROAD.

I.

His song of dawn outsoars the joyful  
bird,  
Swift on the weary road his footfall  
comes;  
The dusty air that by his stride is  
stirred  
Beats with a buoyant march of fairy  
drums.  
"Awake, O Earth! thine ancient slum-  
ber break;  
To the new day, O slumbrous Earth,  
awake!"  
Yet long ago that merry march began,  
His feet are older than the path they  
tread;

His music is the morning-song of man,  
His stride the stride of all the valliant  
dead;  
His youngest hopes are memories, and  
his eyes  
Deep with the old, old dream that never  
dies.

II.

Turn back, my Soul, no longer set  
Thy peace upon the years to come:  
Turn back, the land of thy regret  
Holds nothing doubtful, nothing  
dumb.

There are the voices, there the scenes  
That make thy life in living truth  
A tale of heroes and of queens,  
Fairer than all the hopes of youth.

*Henry Newbolt.*

*The Spectator.*

TO A LINNET.

Nay, preen again thy painted breast  
And preen thy wing,  
No menace to thy folded nest

Or thee I bring,  
I come upon thy whin and weed  
To have thee sing.

Because a near and heavy need  
To sing is mine,  
I bring an immelodious reed

To school at thine.  
A lucky hour finds Fate at fault,  
Fate most malign,

Its end must fall with dread assault,  
Shift how I will.  
Sweet master, teach me to exalt

My coming ill,  
Teach thou my pipe while learn it may  
Some little skill,

For I that fear and cannot stay  
The poisoned whip,  
Would know with song to put away  
A craven lip.

*Ralph Hodgson.*

*The Saturday Review.*

**PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.**

The first thing to be said of the Presidential possibilities of 1908 is that Mr. Roosevelt is not one of them. He has voluntarily withdrawn from the contest. He announced immediately after the election of 1904 that he would neither be a candidate for nor accept another nomination, basing his decision on "the wise custom" which since Washington's day has limited the President to two terms of office. This decision Mr. Roosevelt has since reiterated with an emphasis that practically all his countrymen have been constrained to accept as final. There are some, indeed, who still maintain that the last word on the subject rests, not with Mr. Roosevelt, but with the people or with the party, who deny the right of a man in his position thus to efface himself, and who hint that the Convention when it meets may after all insist upon nominating him. I would as readily undertake to predict the price of one of Mr. Harriman's stocks six months hence as to forecast the outcome of an American political Convention when feelings run high and candidates are many. Nothing is impossible to such an assembly under such conditions, and to dismiss Mr. Roosevelt's nomination as inconceivable is to betray a lack of faith in the picturesque capabilities of American politics for which there is really no justification. In spite of the business depression and of the prejudice against a third term, Mr. Roosevelt, in my judgment, is by far the strongest candidate that the Republicans could put forward. The rank and file of the party would like nothing better than to march beneath his banner again; its leaders, or some of them, and their allies in the world of high finance, while more than ever embittered against the President, are aware that his hold over

the masses is immeasurably greater than theirs; the "plain people" still look upon him as their only effective champion against the alliance of corporate wealth with conscienceless politics; still believe that he, if any man, can free the country from the domination of millionaires in league with bosses; still approve his policies, and would rather see them carried on by his own hands than by those of an understudy. These are considerations that in the surcharged atmosphere of a political Convention might at any moment acquire an irresistible force. My New York friends assure me that this is altogether to misread the situation, that the American people have definitely swept Mr. Roosevelt from his pedestal, have agreed in throwing upon him the blame for the recent panic, and are unanimously longing for a return to caution and conservatism. They declare that not only could Mr. Roosevelt not be nominated, but that, if he were nominated, his defeat at the polls would be sure and crushing. I have long ceased, however, to take my cue on things American from New York, and I am firmly persuaded that on this matter, as on most others, the great city on Manhattan Island is temperamentally incapable either of appreciating or of interpreting American sentiment. Mr. Roosevelt, it is very probable, has lost something of his influence and popularity, but he could lose a good deal more and still remain by all odds the most powerful, trusted, and commanding figure in the Republican ranks. His nomination, therefore, though unlikely, is not incredible. Democracy is not easily balked of having its way with its favorites, and it is just on the cards that such a summons may yet be addressed to President Roosevelt as Lord Palmerston received

during the Crimean war from the British nation. Whether it would meet with a similar reception is a point on which I cannot stop to speculate. It is sufficient for my present purpose to insist that while there exists a remote chance that in spite of himself the nomination may at the last moment be offered to Mr. Roosevelt, he is not and will not be a candidate for it.

There cannot, however, be much doubt that the President, while unwilling to succeed himself, is anxious to influence the choice of his successor, and that Mr. William H. Taft is the man on whom he has staked his hopes. Indeed, if anything could induce Mr. Roosevelt to seek or accept a renomination, it would be the prospect that otherwise the Republican candidate might be a man belonging to the Conservative wing of the party, and either openly or secretly opposed to the Roosevelt policies. The President desires two things of his successor. He wishes him to be a Republican, and he wishes him to be a thorough-going subscriber to the programme of asserting the power of the Government over the big corporations, of preserving the national resources from the wasteful grip of the speculator, and of building up a strong and efficient navy. Mr. Taft possesses these qualifications. Both politically and personally he stands nearer to the President than any other member of his Cabinet. Mr. Roosevelt, who makes a secret of nothing, has not attempted to conceal his preference for Mr. Taft as the Republican nominee. His enemies have even accused him of distributing Federal patronage with an eye to enlisting political support for the Secretary of War, a charge he hotly rebutted a few weeks ago in one of his overwhelming rejoinders. But no one affects to dispute that Mr. Taft is the Administration candidate. It helps him in one way, it injures him in another, to have to come before the

Convention in that capacity. It at once focusses upon him the enmity of the innumerable interests that are opposed to Mr. Roosevelt. It lends to his candidature a supposititious appearance, and to some extent handicaps the effort to consider it solely on its merits. It leads people to see in Mr. Taft an understudy foisted upon them in the absence of a rather self-willed principal. Moreover, it arouses a political instinct which has more than once operated decisively in American history, an instinct of resentment against the President who attempts to nominate his own successor. There is a feeling that such action is an interference with the freedom of popular choice, that it is the first step towards the creation of a sort of Presidential dynasty or of a not less objectionable camarilla. It is inconceivable that so long as he lives Mr. Roosevelt, whether in or out of the White House, should not continue to be the most active and powerful factor in American politics. No one expects him to lapse into the obscurity which tradition has hitherto prescribed for Presidents who have completed their second term of office. There is nothing to prevent his being again a candidate in 1912. When he leaves the White House next March it may be only a little while before he reappears at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue as one of the Senators from New York State. In any event men feel that a vote given for Mr. Taft is a vote not merely for the Roosevelt policies, but for the continuance of Mr. Roosevelt himself as, at any rate, the power behind the throne. There are undoubtedly some sensitive consciences whom the prospect troubles and who see in it a danger to "free institutions" and the possibility of the "man on horseback." But my impression is that though Mr. Taft loses something by an identification with Mr. Roosevelt so close that it almost overshadows his



own qualifications for the Presidency, he gains far more than he loses. I take it as axiomatic that no man can this year be elected to the White House who is not at least as Radical as Mr. Roosevelt. There may be some chance for a candidate who is more Radical; there is none for a candidate who is less. Mr. Taft has the supreme advantage of being officially associated with, and therefore entitled to a portion at least of the credit for, a political programme supported, as I believe, by the great majority of the American people and destined to be the supreme issue at the coming election.

Moreover, he is in every sense a big man. Both in character and capacity he fully measures up to the exacting standard which six and a half years of Mr. Roosevelt have accustomed the American people to expect from their Presidents. He is as far removed from the old political type of President as Mr. Roosevelt himself. He has never sat in Congress; he has only once been a candidate for office; the present is literally his first experience of the ordinary kind of political campaign; and to bosses, deals, machines, and committee-room intrigues he owes nothing whatever. His career has been a succession of great and difficult tasks unselfishly undertaken and carried through with an unflinching and seemingly effortless competence. Mr. Roosevelt has gathered around him a body of public servants who are nowhere surpassed, I question whether they are anywhere equalled, for efficiency, self-sacrifice, and an absolute devotion to their country's interests. Many of them are poor men, without private means, who have voluntarily abandoned high professional ambitions and turned their backs on the rewards of business to serve their country on salaries that are not merely inadequate, but indecently so. There is not one of them who is not constantly assailed

by offers of positions in the world of commerce, finance, and the law that would satisfy every material ambition with which he began life. There is not one of them who could not, if he chose, earn outside Washington from ten to twenty times the income on which he economizes as a State official. But these men are as indifferent to money and to the power that money brings as to the allurements of Newport and New York, or to merely personal distinctions, or to the commercialized ideals which the great bulk of their fellow-countrymen accept without question. They are content, and more than content, to sink themselves in the national service without a thought of private advancement, and often at a heavy sacrifice of worldly honors, and to toil on invigorated by the infectiousness of Mr. Roosevelt's lead and companionship, and sustained by their own native impulse to make of patriotism an efficient instrument of public betterment. Of these men Mr. Taft is an admirable type. The son of an Ohio judge who had served as Secretary of War and Attorney-General under Grant, and who afterwards represented the United States at Vienna and St. Petersburg, he was admitted to the bar two years after leaving Yale. I do not propose to review his career in any detail. Some minor legal offices came quickly in his way; before he was thirty he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of Ohio; President Harrison summoned him three years later to Washington as Solicitor-General of the United States; and in 1892, in his thirty-fifth year, he returned to Cincinnati as a Federal Judge on the famous Sixth Circuit. No one needs to be told that a Solicitor-General who had won, as Mr. Taft did, every case in which he was engaged, was a prize that any legal firm in the country would have been glad to secure. But Mr. Taft was not to be

tempted by even the most attractive offers of partnerships. Though a powerful and persuasive advocate, he felt, and I should say rightly felt, that the true bent of his mind and nature was preponderantly judicial. With all the rewards of the profession to choose from, he elected to become a Federal judge at the exiguous salary of £1,200 a year. The choice marked the heights he was determined to climb. His supreme and dominating ambition—and an American lawyer can have no higher one—was to rise to a seat on the Supreme Court of the United States.

Three times this ambition has been within his grasp, and three times he has turned from it in obedience to what he judged to be a higher call. Mr. McKinley dragged him from the bench in 1900 to make him President of the Philippine Commission. The summons meant for Mr. Taft the sacrifice of all he had hoped and worked for, but he obeyed it unhesitatingly. It would take too long to examine or even to indicate the policy of colonial administration he inaugurated. By all except the Americans both its methods and its principles have been severely criticized. On two points, however, there is unanimity. One is that Mr. Taft gained to an extraordinary degree the trust and affections of the Filipinos. The other is that his settlement of the friars' question by personal negotiations with the Vatican was a masterpiece of bold and unconventional diplomacy. When the Philippine Commission was disbanded Mr. Taft became the Civil Governor of the Archipelago. The problems of tropical government quickly fascinated him. Two vacancies on the bench of the Supreme Court occurred while he was grappling with them. Each was offered to him; both were declined. More clearly, perhaps, than any other American he has realized the magni-

tude of the civilizing mission which the possession of the Philippines imposes upon the United States; and he has allowed neither ill-health, nor discouragement, nor popular apathy, nor the fractious provincialism of Congress to deter him from striving to bring it home to his countrymen. The Filipinos have in him a firm and vigilant guardian, who puts their interests first and foremost in his scheme of policy, who will save them, if he can, from exploitation by speculative syndicates, and who will fight to the last for granting them free trade with the United States in spite of the opposition of the tobacco and sugar growers of the Southern States. He has consistently done all he can to deal honestly by them, and to induce Americans to look the problems of their government squarely in the face; and, however much time and experience may disparage some of his theories, and especially his theory that local self-government, elective bodies, conventions, and all the paraphernalia of democracy are more important than industrial development and the training of character, nothing can take from him the honor of having set up and endeavored to popularize a high ideal of just and disinterested administration. It was characteristic of him that in 1905 he organized and personally conducted a tour of Congressmen round the archipelago, and that last autumn, just when opinion was beginning to concentrate on him as a Presidential possibility, he gave politics the go-by and absented himself from the United States for several critical months in order to preside at the opening of the first Filipino Legislature.

It was in 1904 that he returned to Washington as Secretary of War, an office, I suspect, which was chiefly attractive to him because in it are included the functions of a colonial department. Mr. Taft very soon made

himself known as the handy man of the Administration. Whenever some peculiarly difficult or complex problem arose he was at once deputed to solve it. Work on the Panama Canal, for instance, is disorganized, and threatens to stop through the friction of a multiplicity of Boards and the resignation of one engineer-in-chief after another. Mr. Taft visits the Isthmus, looks into things, decides that the army engineers are the men to "dig the ditch," and all is peace and progress. Cuba, again, conducts itself by the usual Spanish-American route to the very brink of revolution. Mr. Taft steps in, examines, humors, conciliates, takes over the whole business of government, and almost makes the outside world question the gravity of the situation by the ease with which he adjusts it. The American and Japanese papers, and the people who read them, scowl at one another over the immigration difficulty. Mr. Taft, *en route* for the Philippines, calls in at Tokyo, has an audience with the Mikado, and straightway the rumors of trouble are dissolved in a douche of sanity. An ugly controversy of personal charges and recriminations breaks out between two American diplomats. It is a matter altogether outside Mr. Taft's department, yet it goes to him for settlement, and he settles it. "Go over and see Taft about it," is a formula so often on the President's lips that it has passed into the slang of the day, and the War Secretary's nickname, "General Utility Bill," gives both the popular and the official measure of his capacities. He has a peculiar gift of lubricating sagacity. He radiates jollity and conciliation. All men instinctively like and trust this huge good-humored giant, whose mere physical immensity impresses one with a sort of guarantee of invincibility. He crashes through problems and tangles with the all-conquering certainty of a smiling, patient,

supremely human steam-roller. I have met no one, even in America, more wholly destitute of fussiness and affectation. Nothing seems to flurry him or to break through his reserves of genial placidity. Though scarcely less badgered than Mr. Roosevelt himself, he never explodes. He has the evenness of temper, the cheery self-containment, which it would be positively dangerous for a man of his colossal bulk not to have. There is a hearty and most winning naturalness in his intercourse with people. He has all of the average American's indifference to externals and appearances—a snapshot of Mr. Taft, seated at his official desk, would make an admirable study of democracy in undress. His mind, I should judge, is a healthy and vigorous rather than a pliable instrument. It works with a ponderous, probing thoroughness. One would not look to Mr. Taft for any original contribution to the philosophy of politics any more than one would expect him to bubble forth in epigrams. He is not a man of wide reading or of diversified intellectual interests and has as little of Mr. Roosevelt's many-sidedness as of his flashing alertness or his somewhat volcanic temperament. But his qualities, if of the minor order of merit, are strong, genuine, and serviceable. He has had far more than the ordinary candidate's experience of men and affairs and high responsibilities, and Mr. Taft, like Cobden, is one of those men on whom no experience is wasted. His administrative aptitudes are unquestionable. He has that kind of impersonal disentangling mind, of perspective and judicial balance, which, when united with an engaging personality and a dependable character, makes its possessor a court of final appeal for private friends and public colleagues. Mr. Taft is one of the most palpably honest men I have ever encountered. He is honest even in his politics. In-

deed, it is hardly too much to say that his politics are comprised in saying straight out precisely what he thinks. He is almost as incapable as Lord Rosebery himself, though from widely different causes, of the distortions of partisanship. That, perhaps, is one of the reasons why the professional politicians do not relish him. He is wholly scornful of the time-serving manoeuvres, the intimate deals and propitiations, they expect a Presidential candidate to practise. Only a year or two ago he took a leading part in smashing the Republican machine in his native State of Ohio. He tells the Southern Republicans, whose votes may be a decisive factor in the nominating Convention, that they "represent little save a factional chase for Federal offices in which business men and men of substance in the community have no desire to enter"—which is true, unpalatable, and gloriously impolitic. He refuses to allow his followers to contest the delegations of any State that has a "favorite son" in the field. In the same spirit he roundly tells his countrymen that their administration of the criminal law is "a disgrace to civilization," and rebukes them for their treatment of the Chinese. There is no quibbling about Mr. Taft. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he is the best of politicians, because he never "plays politics." Like Mr. Roosevelt, he will prove a candidate all the more formidable because he never troubles about the votes. He suffers, however, from certain disadvantages. With practically the whole of his active life divided between the Court-house in Cincinnati, the Philippines, and Washington, he has had little chance of becoming personally known to the bulk of his countrymen. Hitherto they have had to judge him at a distance. But with every week that passes he is becoming better known, and though little of an orator, better liked. The Labor men

cherish an old grudge against him because, as a judge in Ohio, certain of his decisions helped to perpetuate the abuse of "government by injunction." The negroes, who hold the balance of power in more than one State, are incensed against him because as Secretary of War he agreed to, though he did not himself propose, the disbandment of an entire negro regiment, some of whose members were suspected of having "shot up" a Southern townlet. The high Protectionists do not like him because he has come out squarely for tariff revision, and incessantly advocates a reduction of duties on Philippine imports into the United States. The Conservatives suspect him because he subscribes unreservedly to the Roosevelt policies, and because any Administration over which he presided would be indistinguishable in its general aims, however much it might differ in temper and methods, from the present *regime*. And "the politicians," I need scarcely add, instinctively distrust a man of Mr. Taft's independence, and will only accept and support him as a Presidential candidate to avoid the yet greater catastrophe of a party defeat. Nevertheless, Mr. Taft is by far the strongest and best equipped Republican who has entered the race for the nomination. I believe he will win it. More than that, I believe he will be elected.

Another candidate, of a very different type, and with a very different way of recommending himself to the electorate, is Mr. Charles W. Fairbanks. That Mr. Fairbanks is a patriot is sufficiently proved by the fact that he is Vice-President of the United States. No one but a patriot would ever dream of accepting so thankless and futile an office. Except Mr. Roosevelt, no Vice-President in American history has ever been elected President. Nine times out of ten the post is the grave of a man's political ambitions.

It carries with it no duties worth speaking of, no political authority, and only a moderate amount of social prestige. It remains as John Adams described it, "the most insignificant office that ever the mind of man contrived or his imagination conceived." Mr. Fairbanks, however, has made a valorous effort to turn its insignificance to account, and to use it as a stepping-stone to the Presidency itself. He is Indiana's "favorite son," and has long been accounted one of the most prominent Republicans in the State. For some years he represented it in the Senate. He was born in a log cabin on his father's farm in Ohio, and raised himself, by an industry and abstemiousness that would not have disgraced his Puritan ancestors—there was a Fayerbanks in Cromwell's army—to a high position among the lawyers of his adopted State. His clients were principally the big corporations. Mr. Fairbanks is a man of very great wealth, and, though his record as a citizen is all to his credit, I do not think that a man with a fortune mainly derived from serving the Trusts is likely to appeal to the present temper of the American people. Yet no one has striven more assiduously to ingratiate himself with the masses. Perhaps he has striven a little too obviously. Perhaps he has failed for the very reason that those who try to be popular never are. Mr. Fairbanks has rivalled Mr. Bryan in the number of his speeches and the extent of his campaign tours. Yet he makes no impression on the people. They find him cold, remote, unmagnetic, too self-centred, a little sly and stilted. The American comic papers exhaust themselves in the effort to bring out the refrigerating qualities of "The Indiana Iceberg." Mr. Dooley, during the election of 1904, described how Mr. Fairbanks was everywhere received with a "shiver of delight" and

how the "audjeences" wrapped themselves in furs to listen to him. If he could have five minutes' private talk with every voter in the country he would stand a better chance, for few men in private life can trim a compliment more neatly; but a platform sterilizes him. Since he became Vice-President, Mr. Fairbanks has adopted less public methods of currying favor. His agents scour the country endeavoring to drum up "Fairbanks sentiment"; an extremely active Press bureau works overtime on his behalf; and his residence in Washington is a revolving-wheel of electioneering dinners and receptions. Moreover, Mr. Fairbanks has made himself "solid" with the Republican majority in the Senate over which he presides. The big moneyed interests, the Reactionaries, as Mr. Roosevelt has named them, favor him, and many astute politicians believe he will be nominated. It is the kind of belief to which politicians who are merely astute naturally incline.

A much more appealing figure than the Vice-President is the Speaker of the House of Representatives, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. Mr. Cannon is seventy-two years old, a lean, wiry, Lincoln-like man, and as hard and spry and as quick on the verbal trigger as Mr. Roosevelt himself. He is the David Harum of American politics. Everything about him proclaims him to be at once and overwhelmingly one of the "plain people." If he has a single affectation, it is to be thought even more like Lincoln than he really is. The resemblance between the two men goes deeper than mere appearances. Both belong to the homely frontier type, and Mr. Cannon, if he has little of Lincoln's grandeur and nobility, is not so very much his inferior in quaint humor, in clear-eyed common-sense, in kindness, in courage, in naturalness; while as a story-teller I find it difficult to believe that even Lincoln could have surpassed



him. Except for a talk or a walk with President Roosevelt, Washington has no experience to offer more enthralling or more absolutely American than half an hour in the Speaker's room. He comes briskly in, cracking jokes in paternal fashion with half a dozen Congressmen. There is no disrobing to be done, no full-bottomed wig to be laid aside. The only difference between the Speaker's costume in the chair and out of it is that in the latter state a few more waistcoat buttons are relieved of their functions. The inevitable cigar is popped in the mouth at a wholly incredible angle, is rolled and chewed with succulent relish, is at last reluctantly lit, and in a very short while the spare and agile figure in the careless sack suit is streaked with tobacco ash, and the floor all round bears witness to his indulgence in the Great American Habit. "Uncle Joe" has his own standard of the proprieties, and, like everything else in his composition, it is self-evolved and wholly without artificiality of any kind. On the floor of the House he used to take off his collar and roll up his sleeves in the excitement of debate, just as he would remove his coat when dining with the harvest hands at home in Illinois. He speaks two languages. One is the English you would expect from the Speaker of the American House of Representatives; the other is the clipped, terse, vigorously picturesque vernacular of the West. One remarks these details for their absolute congruity with the man. One forgets them when he starts to talk, when the sharp, shrewd face lights up, and the thin compression of the lips relaxes and the arms begin their sledge-hammer gesticulations and yarns innumerable and inimitable, pointed at times with an honest Rabelaisian humor, break from him. Mr. Cannon has sat in the House for over thirty years. He knows the last least motive behind

every move in the political game, and in mastering it himself he has learned to take men and things just as he finds them, with an all-comprehending tranquillity. Nobody has ever been able to fool "Uncle Joe" or to make him budge an inch when his mind was made up to "stand pat." The same thrift that brought him a fortune before he was five-and-thirty made him in the House the uncompromising foe of waste and extravagance. As Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations he quickly made himself known and felt as the Cerberus of the Treasury. As Speaker of the House his influence over the actual course of legislation equals at all times, and often exceeds, that of the President. Mr. Roosevelt proposes, but it is Mr. Cannon who disposes. Economy and the Republican Party are his lodestars, and his devotion to both and the racy wholesomeness of the man, the freshness of heart and emotion that joins with his wide-edged sagacity to make him so "typically American," his rugged elemental humanity, have won for him a large tribute of popular pride and affection. If he were fifteen years younger the nomination for the Presidency would almost certainly be his. Even as it is he has a decided political following. The Illinois delegation will battle for him to the last, and the unbending Protectionists and all who distrust the new Radicalism would find in him perhaps their most genuine representative.

There are several other Republicans who are also more or less in the running for the nomination. One of them is Mr. Cortelyou, the present Secretary of the Treasury. Thirteen years ago Mr. Cortelyou occupied the exceedingly modest post of stenographer to the Fourth-Assistant Postmaster-General. An opportune recommendation transferred him to the White House as a subordinate member of Mr. Cleveland's staff of secretaries, the first Republican



probably who ever found himself in the immediate official entourage of a Democratic President. Mr. Cleveland passed him on to Mr. McKinley, who in 1900 made him his private secretary. A private secretary with the right capacities becomes a sort of ninth member of the Cabinet, and is at all times better placed than the official Ministers for influencing the Presidential mind. Mr. Cortelyou showed himself a master of his calling. He is a tireless worker, always, whatever the emergency, master of himself, and endowed to an almost un-American degree with the virtues of reticence and discretion. He served Mr. Roosevelt as ably as he had served Presidents Cleveland and McKinley, and Mr. Roosevelt took the first opportunity of promoting him to Cabinet rank. Within the last five years Mr. Cortelyou has created, organized, and presided over the Department of Commerce and Labor, the youngest and quite the most interesting of all the Government offices; has conducted the Republican campaign in a Presidential election; has been Postmaster-General, and for the past twelve months has held the portfolio of Secretary to the Treasury. It is a record without parallel in American or any other politics. The country knows little of Mr. Cortelyou personally; it thinks of him rather as an embodiment of all the efficiencies than as a human being. It has the same sort of instinctive and impersonal trust in his capacity and level-headedness that Englishmen feel in Sir Edward Gray's management of foreign affairs. Mr. Cortelyou is still only five-and-forty, and whether in politics or commerce his future is bound to be distinguished. His friends believe in him with enthusiasm, and may conceivably spring him upon the Convention as a dark horse. His private opinions on the Roosevelt policies have never been disclosed, but they are thought, and proba-

bly with reason, to be critical and lukewarm. No State has yet pronounced for him, but it is understood that Wall Street, which was delighted by his handling of the recent credit crisis, is quietly canvassing on his behalf, and that the "conservative interests," anxious above all things to defeat Mr. Taft, would willingly rally round Mr. Cortelyou. I question, however, whether he will lend himself to their manœuvres, even to the extent of avowing himself a candidate. He is a possibility but no more.

Another and more open aspirant for the nomination is Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, who has other claims to the honor besides that of being the "best-dressed man in Washington." As Attorney-General of the United States, it was on his shoulders that there devolved the legal direction of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign against the law-breaking corporations. It was a case of poacher turned gamekeeper, for Mr. Knox's principal clients in his private practice had hitherto been found among corporations of the same type as those he was called upon to prosecute. He did his duty, however, with great skill and vigor, and from a powerful address which he delivered a few weeks ago I gather that the cause of Federal supervision over the railways and other inter-State common carriers has his sincere approval. He is a man of very real ability, an omnivorous reader, and perhaps the greatest authority in America on the law and practice of the Constitution—a small, dapper man, fifty-six years old, with a cool, self-confident, rather consequential air, and a massive forehead surmounting a bland, unwrinkled face, that is believed to be by no means so guileless as it looks. In the Senate, Mr. Knox has spoken impressively and courageously both for and against certain items on the Roosevelt programme, and his words carry weight. By tem-

perament and affiliation he belongs to the Conservative wing of the Republican party, but he is not a Reactionary. His nomination is improbable, if only because of his too close identity with the corporations, but no candidate who comes before the Convention with the backing of such a State as Pennsylvania can be altogether ignored. The Senate supplies two other Republican candidates in the persons of Mr. Foraker and Mr. La Follette. Senator Foraker for the last few years has been one of Mr. Roosevelt's most pertinacious opponents. He fought the Railroad Rate Bill, he fought the admission of New Mexico and Arizona into the Union as separate States; he fought especially the disbandment of the negro regiment. He is eloquent, rich, popular, a consummately astute and dexterous politician, and has long been reckoned one of the firmest friends that the Trusts possess in either House of Congress. An Ohio man, like Mr. Taft, he is the War Secretary's immediate rival for the control of the Ohio delegation, a delegation which, since Senator Hanna's death, has been practically at his beck and call, but which is not, I imagine, likely to remain so much longer. Outside of his native State, Senator Foraker can look for little support, though his championship of the negroes may win for him a certain following among the colored delegates from the South, who, however, are also the object of Mr. Fairbanks' special attentions. His nomination is out of the question; the utmost his candidature can effect is to defeat or to delay the adoption of Mr. Taft. Senator La Follette is a politician of a very different kidney. He is, indeed, the only Republican candidate who is more Radical than Mr. Roosevelt. Thrice Governor of Wisconsin, he has stood, with a determination and a resource that have won him the enthusiastic devotion of the northwest,

for three great principles, the nomination of all candidates by direct vote, the rigorous taxation of all public-service corporations and the State regulation of railway rates. His integrity, courage, and intense earnestness are questioned by no one. They have survived three years' experience of the Senate, which is, perhaps, the most depressing and impervious body in which a reformer with a mission is ever likely to find himself; and they will carry him further yet. Outside the White House there is no more wholesome and resolute force in American politics, and few more engaging personalities than Senator La Follette. When the country is in the mood to advance as far beyond Mr. Roosevelt's position as Mr. Roosevelt has advanced beyond Mr. McKinley's, it will turn to Senator La Follette. So far as I can see, that is not its present mood. But the Senator is only fifty-three; he can well afford to wait.

I have left to the last all mention of Mr. Taft's most formidable competitor, Governor Hughes, of New York. Mr. Hughes is a new man in American politics, but not an untried one. He first brought himself into national prominence by the brilliancy with which he conducted the inquiry into the insurance scandals. It was a great legal achievement and a great public service, and it led to his being thrust upon the Republican party as "the people's" candidate for the Governorship of New York State. Mr. Hughes was fortunate in his opponent; the contest in which he was pitted against Mr. Hearst engaged, as any contest in which Mr. Hearst is a protagonist always does and will, the attention of the whole country. He was still more fortunate not merely in being elected, but in being the only Republican on the ticket who was elected. The emphasis and singularity of his success acutely challenged the national interest, which

is never, in any case, indifferent to what is happening in New York. The Governorship of that State, next to the Presidency itself, is the most exacting and influential post in the whole range of American officialdom; and whoever occupies it finds himself inevitably in the full glare of the limelight. Mr. Hughes has made an admirably capable, bold and unconventional Governor. He has aroused, says a New York journal that always chooses its words with care, "the enthusiastic admiration of all independent citizens regardless of party." His attitude on the test question of appointments has been Rooseveltian in its indifference to politics and its remorseless insistence upon efficiency. He has governed absolutely in the open, without any kitchen Cabinet, or back-stairs conferences, or a body-guard of private-ear bosses, or any other of the familiar aids to American administration. He has fulfilled with unexceptionable vigilance and courage the first duty that falls to the lot of American Governors, that of protecting the people from their legislators. He has forced through a reluctant assembly the sanest and most comprehensive measure that has yet been adopted in the United States for the regulation of public-service corporations. But if he has summoned public opinion to his assistance in storming the strongholds of bossism and jobbery, he has not hesitated to stand up to the masses when he thought they were wrong. In one conspicuous instance he vetoed a measure that had behind it a wide popular backing, a measure that a timid or merely political Governor would at once have signed. Mr. Hughes not only vetoed it, but did so

*The Fortnightly Review.*

in a message of such arresting cogency that the whole State, the whole Union indeed, was converted by it, and the masses yielded him that instantaneous confidence that is only to be won by the man who will chastise and correct them. The Governor of New York State stands altogether on the Rooseveltian plane of public conduct. He is still a young man, some five years junior to the President. He has balance, self-control, a steady, temperate mind. To be isolated does not terrify him. He is a Roosevelt pitched in a minor key, working through his intellect rather than through his instincts, not less self-reliant than the President, but lacking his infectious individuality and pursuing his aim with a patience, a touch of austere and almost solemn deliberation, and an undramatic fair-mindedness that are somewhat alien to Mr. Roosevelt's temperament. Politically, the two men are at bottom in agreement, though the belief that Mr. Hughes would be less sensational and disturbing in his methods, more circumspect and restrained, inclines the Conservatives to regard him with favor and even to prefer him to Mr. Taft. Outside of New York Mr. Hughes is little more than a name, but a familiar name and an esteemed one. With his native State behind him he will undoubtedly prove Mr. Taft's strongest opponent. Which of the two will be chosen to confront Mr. Bryan, whose nomination by the Democrats is inevitable, is the question around which all American politics at this moment are revolving. I have already stated my belief that the choice will fall on Mr. Taft.

*Sydney Brooks.*

**A MASTER OF THE SONNET: EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.***Born 1845. Died September 7, 1907.*

It was at the Bagni di Lucca in 1877 that I first saw the poet whose friendship I was privileged to possess for more than thirty years.

At that date he seemed to be permanently invalided, doomed to a lingering and painful death. Always lying flat on his back, often too suffering to bear the light, or be moved from his room. On his easier days he took the air in a carriage specially arranged to contain his mattress couch. The devoted mother who was always watching over him would occasionally halt to speak to some passing friend. Then, the brim of his broad felt hat being tilted up, one would see the poet's luminous, youthful eyes, and hear a kind word or so from his patient lips.

Usually, however, in those days the slowly pacing horse was not pulled up, and Mrs. Paget's friendly gesture would show that her son was not to be disturbed.

We were already acquainted with Mrs. Paget, and her young daughter Violet, better known to fame by her pseudonym Vernon Lee; and, in our summer at the Bagni, were specially introduced to their cherished invalid during his daily drives through the valley.

After that, the carriage would sometimes stop, and the recumbent figure would give us a friendly glance, and say a few words in his singularly clear and pleasant voice, often asking some pregnant question respecting the state of public affairs.

In this fashion acquaintance ripened fast into friendship, for although he could only talk for a few moments at a time, and was frequently too ill to leave his room, we had constant news of him from his mother, and became very intimate with his sister, who was

then busy with her wonderful first book—*Italy in the XVIIIth Century*—which, in 1908, has leapt to new life in an enlarged and well-illustrated edition.

Mrs. Paget was fitted to be the mother of exceptionally gifted children. She was a small, slender, delicate woman whose gentleness and apparent timidity were merely the outer sheath of a singularly energetic and thoughtful nature. She had a highly cultivated mind and much literary taste, being a perfect mistress of English style and diction. In sober earnest it may be said that she spoke "like a book"—a very well-written book; and undoubtedly her children derived from her their unusual wealth of words and gift of expression.

In spite of her own feeble health she had followed a rigid system for the development of their minds in early youth on certain fixed lines. She had taken them to different countries in order to provide them with all the experiences she thought necessary for their training, while shutting them off from everything that was alien to the prescribed course of instruction. Thus, if missing some of the ordinary pleasures of childhood, they enjoyed intellectual advantages of a most unusual kind. As the result of this strictly private education, Lee-Hamilton went up to Oxford so soundly equipped that he won a scholarship during his first term. But in after years he would declare that it was a mistake to enter college without having gone to a public school, since his ignorance of school-boy life had kept him rather out of touch with his Oxford contemporaries.

But, in any case, we may feel sure that his poetic temperament, excep-

tional attainments and fiery ambitions would have sufficed to keep him apart from the common run of undergraduates.

Besides reading hard and to the best effect, he joined in all outdoor games and sports with an eagerness that is explained by their novel charm for one who had been held apart from boyish pleasures. Once at Oxford he certainly burnt his candle at both ends. In work as in play his energy seemed inexhaustible; yet while apparently in perfect health he occasionally showed signs of overstrained nerves.

In 1869 he left Oxford, immediately passed into the Foreign Office, and six months later was appointed attaché to the British Legation in Paris.

Owing to his early experiences of French life, and complete mastery of the French language, he was eminently fitted for this post. But when the Franco-German War broke out he was terribly overworked, and during its course had many exciting experiences both in Paris and Tours.

Some of the pieces in his first volume of poems (*Poems and Transcripts*, Blackwood & Sons, 1878) embody his impressions of the Siege, and reveal the lofty humanity that was the groundwork of his nature. If his technique and power of expression were still imperfect at that date, there was no flaw in the poet's soul; and, besides showing the fruits of unusually wide reading, he displayed exceptional force of imagination.

What leisure indeed could he have for the niceties of versification during the strain and stress of that dreadful time in the beleaguered capital, with philanthropic work added to official duties? or during the wild excesses of which Paris became the scene?

Nor did the restoration of peace grant him breathing space, for as one of the secretaries sent to Geneva to attend the Alabama Convention, the illness of

his colleague doubled his labors. Immediately afterwards, when completely worn out, he was transferred to our Legation at Lisbon, and at first his delight at the change of air and scene seemed to act as a restorative to his failing health. Then, suddenly, he collapsed altogether; losing the use of his legs, and suffering agonies of pain.

Doctors came and went to little effect, and by most of them his malady was soon pronounced to be a most perilous case of cerebro-spinal disease.

By the following year (1874) all hope of recovery seemed gone; and thus, at the age of twenty-nine, this promising young diplomatist and budding poet had to renounce all his ambitions and try to resign himself to a lingering death. But even in this desperate plight, and racked with pain, his strength of character was displayed.

There was no escape for him, said the Faculty. Very well, then why submit to useless torment?

Accordingly, refusing all medical treatment he would only accept his dear mother's care and assistance. So by slow stages she brought him to her own home in Italy, henceforth his adopted country.

Despite his prolonged sufferings his brain power and energy of will were intact. He employed every brief respite from pain in solving mathematical problems, revising early poems—a line or so at a time—or dictating a scrap of some new sonnet. And instead of lamenting over the ruin of his prospects he eagerly superintended the studies of his beloved and most precocious half-sister, Violet.

It was now, in the quiet of his Italian sick-room, while accepting his fate with dignity, and patiently awaiting the final release, that he began to compose his sonnets and to make his masterly translations from Leopardi and Goethe. It was just line by line, very often word by word, that he produced



some of his finest sonnets during the next years of his illness, between 1874 and 1880. And among those sonnets are included the delicate flights of fancy on the "Death of Puck" that breathe the very spirit of the Fairyland of Youth.

Yet about the same time he was composing some of the weirdest bits of tragedy, such as his morbidly powerful poem, "The Raft," and "Sister Mary of the Plague"; also, perhaps, his dashing but equally tragic "The Hunting of the King." As we all know that monotonous days may breed nights of wildest dreams, we may hold that enforced seclusion led him to seek relief in wild flights of fancy. Probably their charm for him lay in being so entirely opposed to his own disposition and surroundings. They represented brute force and free movement to one nailed to a bed of pain. His poetic gift was not only intact, but likewise developing in various new directions, while his beautiful *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, containing a few pathetic allusions to his bodily ills, prove what advance he had achieved in the machinery of his art.

Also, Vernon Lee could tell us how keenly he rejoiced in her rapid success, and testify to his value as her literary adviser; while all know the effect of her companionship in lightening his sadder moods. Having fired her with some of his own perished ambitions he found his reward in her triumphs. Though sometimes differing from her on certain literary details, every passing discord was speedily resolved into some fresh harmony.

One noteworthy sign of this sufferer's mental force was his constant interest in all great political questions. Once, I remember, at a time when only able to talk to a friend for two or three minutes, he insistently begged to be informed as to the exact position of public affairs in Italy, and the character-

istics of all the leading men in Parliament and Senate.

Doubtless this constant activity of the brain helped to nourish his recuperative force, and gradually—at snail's pace—served to vanquish his complaint.

At any rate the original diagnosis of his case had been far too pessimistic, for at long last, and dating, I think, from the time when the family left their Florence flat, and settled in the pleasant Villa Palmerino among vineyards and olive-groves a few miles away, certain signs of improvement began to appear in his general condition.

But they were such faint signs as to be almost unheeded by the patient himself.

Having long renounced every hope of recovery he could not realize that any change should be for the better. He had tried too many doctors in vain, so refused to consult any more.

But his sister had heard of a foreign specialist who had succeeded in curing cases of the same nature. Accordingly she consulted him on her own responsibility, and, by applying the treatment he prescribed, gradually roused her brother's will to be cured.

Evidently the main disease, and its accompanying nervous prostration were both diminishing.

The first triumph came the day that the sick man discovered he could stand on his feet for two minutes. Then, still more gradually, with many throwbacks, power of movement returned, but it was only in 1894 that the miracle was completed, and Lee-Hamilton restored to the active world of men.

Save for a very slight limp, there was no outer trace of invalidism. He seemed to have regained his lost youth at a bound, for he re-entered society with all the zest of an undergraduate.

It was touching to see his enjoyment of the simplest pleasures, and to note his perfect unselfishness, his eagerness



to devote his new-born strength to others' needs.

For instance, when a boy-cousin had an accident while staying with him on a Christmas visit, and remained laid up for months, Lee-Hamilton not only nursed him with the tenderest care, but—to compensate the boy for the loss of a school term—taught him French, and coached him in military history; while enlisting juvenile friends in Florence to help to amuse him.

Before this one saw him devotedly nursing his beloved mother during the long illness that preceded her death. I remember how earnestly, when all was over, he expressed his thankfulness at having recovered in time to give her some small portion of the infinite care she had lavished upon him during his twenty years of pain.

Our friend's resuscitation had at first one most unexpected consequence. His poetical gift seemed to have deserted him.

His first work *Poems and Transcripts* had appeared in 1878; *God's Saints and Men*, 1880; *The New Medusa*, 1882; *Apollo and Marsyas*, 1884; *Imaginary Sonnets*, 1888; *The Fountain of Youth*, 1891; while his best-known work, *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, composed at various periods during his illness, was collected in book form just before he returned to the world in 1894. Between that year and 1898 his sole output was a translation of Dante's *Inferno*.

It almost looked as though his imagination could only work freely in complete seclusion. Probably the first breath of the outer world had an intoxicating effect on one so long shut off from it, and whose nature was so responsive to all human sympathies and claims.

He loved to see his friends, was deeply interested in their ideas and deeds, while specially eager for details of the high politics in which, but for his terrible illness, he would have

played so distinguished a part. Yet he never spoke repiningly of his broken career, and fixed his hopes on the success of younger aspirants.

Soon after his miraculous recovery he not only revisited old haunts and old friends in different parts of Europe, but went over to America and Canada; feeding his eager mind with a multitude of new impressions, observing men and things with vigorous zest. Then he came back to his true home in Italy, and presently met there his future wife, Annie E. Holdsworth the well-known novelist.

His fortunate marriage with her not only opened a new career for him as the most devoted of husbands, but immediately revived his poetic power. For it was during his woodland honeymoon in Hampshire that he wrote, in collaboration with his gifted wife, the delightful little volume of *Forest Notes* (1896).

But even in those joyous hours he felt now and again the chill of future trouble. For instance, when he sings in "The Passing Wing":

Oh, would that time were one immense  
To-day  
That we might sit for ever where birds  
sing,  
Amid these ripe hot ferns that light  
winds sway,  
Safe from the morrow, and the Past's  
dark thing;  
Oh, would that Love could make the  
wood-dream stay,  
And stop Time's broad, inexorable  
wing.

Soon after their marriage the happy pair settled down in their "grey old villa" near the Palmerino where his sister still dwelt, and for a few years all went well with them. They wrote, they traveled, they entertained hosts of friends.

But although the poet's health seemed firmly re-established, it was not proof against sorrow and anxiety. Exactly

when the cup of happiness seemed full to the brim, the imminent danger of his wife on the birth of the eagerly desired child who was to crown their bliss, undermined his strength. Nevertheless, he struggled on bravely during his wife's prolonged illness, thinking only of her and the precious babe, while never free from anxiety for the one or the other.

When things began to improve I often found him at his desk working at his tragedy *Ezelin*, with the child's cradle by his chair. The sight of his sleeping babe, the touch of her hand, made him forget all fears and gave wings to his pen. But he never regained his lost strength; and the following year when his idolized child fell a victim to meningitis his health was practically shattered by the blow, though he strove to hide its effects from his wife.

Grief had on him the effect of joy. He began to write again, and born of his sorrow came the incomparable sonnet sequence *Mimma Bella; In Memory of a Little Life*, which will endure as his most perfect work.

But he soon fell ill and one malady followed another in lamentably quick succession. Surgical treatment in Switzerland cured him of one complaint, but his nerves were irretrievably shaken; and his heart became dangerously weak.

Then in November, 1906, he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, accompanied by other even more alarming symptoms. Still one did not lose hope, for there were frequent rallies; he even regained some power of movement, showed all his usual interest in men and things, enjoyed receiving his friends in the shady villa garden, and read much, although unable to hold a pen.

When spring merged into summer it became necessary to take him to some cooler spot within a day's journey from Florence; so the Baths of Lucca were

chosen, and a hillside villa at some distance from his old quarters was found for him. At first he rather shrank from revisiting the scene of so many painful memories, but soon, I think, he looked forward to regaining his health there.

I saw my old friend for the last time on the eve of his departure. He seemed very cheerful, and solely troubled by having to sit idle while his wife was so busy with the packing.

He not only bore the journey well, but truly enjoyed it, and at first seemed decidedly better for the change. But, in one respect, he was a difficult patient to manage, for his active brain always craved the stimulus of social intercourse. He could not resign himself to quiet rest in the open air. Instead, he exhausted his energies by taking long drives, paying visits to one or two cherished friends, and receiving all who called upon him.

Before long the final break-down came. Yet during a brief rally just before his death he spent several hours in explaining to a youthful poet—who was regretting his inability to write sonnets—the whole technique of the difficult art of which he himself was so perfect a master.

In fact, his last work was the wreath of sonnets,<sup>1</sup> in memory of his lost child, that only appeared in print after he had been laid to rest beside her in Florence.

He died at Villa Pierotti, Bagni di Lucca on the seventh of September, the day fixed for his return to the home he loved so well.

Now the literary world is ringing with praise of Lee-Hamilton as present-day England's greatest writer of sonnets. His sonnets, in fact, have the sovereign charm of spontaneity. With him thought and emotion fitted naturally into that difficult form of verse.

In restudying his complete works one

<sup>1</sup> Vide *THE LIVING AGE*, December 7, 1907. "Mimma Bella; In Memory of a Little Life."

is amazed anew by his wealth of out-of-the-way learning, and unusual range of imagination. Side by side with delicate, playful pieces full of tenderness and charm one finds scenes of rugged and even ghastly force. In certain pages instinct with morbid power one suddenly discovers passages of the truest serenity and kindness.

His earlier works contain many autobiographical touches, but their unavoidable melancholy is always tempered by heroic resignation. In "The Sufferer" he describes his fight against the unseen foe, disease; and how, when all is lost,

He subsides into patience and sadness,  
Bearing his burden in peace, writhing  
In spirit no more;

Helpless and guiltless he lives, and the  
worthiest parts of his being  
Grow and develop with time, bearing a  
fruit that is sweet.

Higher he looks for the good which the  
world can no longer afford him;

*The Albany Review.*

Less of a man than before, nearer the  
angels he stands.

If poets be rare, rarer still are human beings of Lee-Hamilton's beautiful nature. After his long sufferings it would not have been surprising had he reappeared in the world as a moody self-centred egotist. Instead, he came forth full of altruistic, youthful impulses, full of sympathy and kindness in every relation of life.

Unheeding the years he had lost, he was no less generous of time than of trouble; and as ready to be helpful in tiresome little details as in the greater causes he had at heart.

No one who knew him can cease to mourn his loss; for all his life he practised the ideal of conduct of which he wrote in "Wine of Omar Khayyam":

Oh, just because we have no life but  
this,

Put it to use; be noble while you can;  
Search, help, create; then pass into the  
night.

*Linda Villari.*

*Florence, 1908.*

## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER X.

#### IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

For a moment the magnitude of the disaster kept Janie silent, then she rallied her forces bravely.

"Must we go back, then? I am quite ready to do it if you think it is right. Only let us have a few minutes at St. Martin's before we give ourselves up."

An involuntary smile crossed Arbuthnot's face. "You won't see St. Martin's again for some time, if I can help it," he said. "No, I don't propose to give ourselves up—quite the contrary. Only, unfortunately, the worst part of our journey is still before us, and we thought it was over."

"Never mind. We have had a good rest," said Janie resolutely.

"You'll find it was needed. Well, if the rain stops, as it seems to be going to do, are you game for trying to get as far as Brooke's cave by morning?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I wouldn't take you there so soon if I could help it, for we have to go right down into the valley, and the mud is something awful. But the food question is pressing, you see, and I know that bit of path well enough to do it in the dark. From there I can hunt for some way of getting across the landslip."

"And getting to the road?" asked Janie.

"No, we must avoid the road now like poison. The Scythians are bound to bring down coolies from Bala and repair it as soon as possible, for the

sake of their train-wrecking bands, who are cut off from their base. They will have surveying-parties at both ends of the landslip as soon as the rain stops, we may be sure, and what we must try to do is to cut in between them, and get to our path, on the other side of where the road was, before they meet."

"Then you mustn't leave me behind while you scout, in case you have to waste time in coming back for me," said Janie.

"That's true. The first chance of a practicable path that I come across we must take. And now you had better get as much sleep as you can before we start."

It was a very muddy and wet and weary Janie that staggered into the cave near the landslip just before dawn. The mud added so immensely to the difficulty of walking that her first night's mountaineering experiences seemed like child's play in the retrospect. She fell asleep as soon as she lay down, without waiting for any food, and Arbuthnot hailed the opportunity of examining farther a spot which had struck him as hopeful on the previous day. Leaving the bag of food—sadly depleted now—near her, he stole out, and with the aid of the sun's first rays contemplated the under-cliff formed by the vast fall of rocks and earth. For some miles from this point the road had been blasted out in the face of the cliffs, passing under overhanging rocks, and now road and rocks lay together in confusion in the valley. The river which flowed there, already swollen by the rain into a torrent, had been dammed up by the fall, and its waters were now accumulating into a lake which must before long either sweep away the *débris* in its course or force a passage over it. Before this could happen, however, the water would in all probability reach the mouth of the cave—a fact which in-

creased Arbuthnot's eagerness to escape from it. The mass of *débris* itself presented a steep slope, seamed in all directions with the courses of temporary torrents, which were the result of the rain that had fallen since the landslip, and were already running feebly. It was one of these that had seemed to him to offer a possible means of climbing the slope diagonally, and as he looked at it from below it appeared to him that it was continued on the face of the perpendicular cliff above, where the water had first found a channel for itself in a fault or fissure of the rock. It was true that to reach the top of the cliff at this point would land him in an unknown country, where, as he had told Janie, he had no knowledge of the existence of any paths, but it would be hard, he thought to himself, if with necessity to spur him on, he could not find or make one. The greatest danger sprang from another cause—the fact that the diagonal path was only about a quarter of a mile from the Bala end of the landslip, so that, if the Scythian surveyors had any enterprise at all, they might be expected to penetrate sufficiently far to see figures ascending it. But at the moment Arbuthnot remembered this he noticed that as the rays of the sun became more powerful, a mist was gathering over the rain-soaked slope, and there was every appearance of the approach of one of the thick mountain-fogs, such as had often baffled and worried him in former expeditions, but which was now likely to be of the greatest advantage. Still, this mist might prove to be merely temporary, and in this case there was no time to lose.

With a determination which seemed absolute cruelty to its object, he hurried back to the cave and woke Janie, who found it hard to rise to the height of cheerful heroism she had attained the evening before. Arbuthnot made

her eat some of the dried fruit, provided her with a fresh pair of grass sandals which he had with him—her own were so laden with earth that she could hardly lift her feet—and helped her to scrape off her skirt some of the half-dried mud that made it almost too heavy to walk in. Then, by dint of alternate scolding and encouragement, he got her out of the cave and to the foot of the under-cliff, and by this time the movement and fresh air had roused her sufficiently for her to understand what was to be done and its urgency. The stream had already ceased to run down the path they were to follow, but it was very wet, and the foothold varied between slippery rock and soft moist earth. Arbuthnot called a halt several times that he might disencumber Janie of a little of the mud which accumulated persistently upon her, but he durst not allow her to rest, for they were now approaching what had been the level of the road. The fog was so thick that when they were climbing, the rope which held them together was the only sign to each of the other's presence, and when they ventured to speak, their low voices sounded ghastly and muffled. But the worst moment came when they had reached the top of the slope, and were pausing for a moment to take breath, with the scar which had shown to Arbuthnot where the road had been some twenty feet above their heads. From their left, the direction from which they had come, but on a level with their present position, came voices speaking in Scythian, and apparently close at hand.

"Hush! they're farther off than they sound," muttered Arbuthnot, in answer to Janie's horrified exclamation, and she cowered in a hollow of the rock while he tried to make out what was being said. Not until, even to her anxious ears, it was clear that the voices were receding did he give up the attempt.

"They are trying to find out the extent of the damage before settling to work on the road," he said, "but they think exploring without ropes in a fog isn't good enough. That gives us time to make ourselves scarce. Shall we go on?"

There was nothing but rock underfoot now, and the climbing-pole was frequently in requisition. Once again Arbuthnot blessed the fog, since Janie could not see the gradually increasing depth beneath her as she hung like a fly on the cliff's face. He knew that her strength and spirit were being tasked to the utmost, but to allow her to stop and realize the full danger of the work in hand would only mean that she would remain paralyzed where she was, unable either to finish the ascent or descend again to the slope. He hated himself for the things he said to spur her to fresh efforts in that nightmare of a climb, but what was to be done? He meant to make up for his brutality by warm commendation when they reached the top at last, but Janie defeated his good intentions by fainting, for the first time in her life. It was not exactly a fainting-fit, rather a stupor born of exhaustion, and after the first horrible moment when he thought that she was dead, Arbuthnot decided not to try to revive her until he had found some sort of shelter. It had seemed to him in the morning that from one point of view he had caught a glimpse of a building of some kind—or at any rate, of something that was the handiwork of man—which he thought might be the remains of one of the huts erected when the road was made, to accommodate the coolies who built it. Marking his path at every few steps with the spike at the end of his climbing-pole, he walked about a hundred yards to the left, but finding himself still confronted by nothing but bare rocks, returned and walked the same distance to the right. Still un-



successful, he tried to place himself in imagination in the position of the morning, and as a result, turned again to the left, but obliquely. This time he was rewarded by coming upon the hut he had seen, the only one still standing of several that had once been grouped here. This one had evidently been occupied very recently, for the roof was intact and there was an attempt at a door. Inside was a rude charpoy and some cooking-vessels, while in the cooking-place the charcoal was still smouldering, and—greatest prize of all—a pile of *chapatis* was ranged on a stone. Arbuthnot broke off a piece of one and tasted it.

"One or two days old," he said. "That's all right, then. It was the landslip frightened these people away—not plague. They must have thought the whole place was going, to have rushed out without even taking their food and pots. How soon will they be back to see what's left? Not to-night, I trust—with this fog. If they should turn up, they'll find visitors in possession."

He groped back to where he had left Janie, and carried her to the hut without rousing her. She did not wake even when he tried to make her drink some tea which he had concocted in one of the cooking-pots, and at last he let her alone, and ate his solitary supper. Lying down at the door of the hut, where any intruder must of necessity disturb him, he fell into a sleep almost as deep as hers, which lasted until nearly noon the next day. The sun's rays were still obscured by the fog, or he must have waked earlier. There was no question of continuing the march, for Janie could only be roused with difficulty to take some food, and fell asleep again immediately, and moreover, Arbuthnot did not know what direction to take. There must be some path leading to this rocky plateau, by which the inhabitants of the

hut were accustomed to reach it, and not very far to the right, certainly not more than a mile away, must be the secret track, running roughly parallel with the road, which Mr. Brooke and his party were to take, but was there any way from one to the other? For the moment, however, the chief point was to find some means of leaving the plateau, which was practically a *cul-de-sac*, since to descend the cliff again was a feat hardly to be contemplated in cold blood. With rope and climbing-pole Arbuthnot left the hut, and spent the afternoon in exploring as well as he could without the aid of sight. He did not find what he had hoped for, a path leading to the right, but there was a kind of rude descent at right angles with the face of the cliff, and it was clear that this was the way they must take. He followed it a short distance, to make sure that it did lead to a path of some sort, and then returned to the hut, to find Janie awake and putting things tidy, much scandalized by his amateur housekeeping. She accepted his fiat that, fog or no fog, they must go on in the morning, meekly and without enthusiasm, and when the time came, made him angry by insisting on leaving a few pice she had in her pocket as payment for the *chapatis*. In vain he pointed out that a bear might be supposed to have entered the hut and eaten the food, but scarcely to have left payment; she retorted that honesty was honesty, and she, as a missionary, was not going to steal poor people's bread without paying for it. In consequence of this dispute, a dignified silence reigned during the first part of the day's journey, in which Arbuthnot found philosophical comfort, when he thought of it, for if Janie had asked him where they were going, what could he have said? The fog still continued, and the path turned and twisted in the most perplexing way, though at length, to his great sat-



isfaction, he discovered by the aid of his compass that it was taking a decided trend to the right.

That night was spent in a friendly cave which Arbuthnot thought he remembered visiting in one of his former journeys, and the fact gave him considerable encouragement, as showing that they must at last be approaching Mr. Brooke's route. It was true that much valuable time had been unavoidably wasted, but once in the right path, Arbuthnot could not help hoping that the easier travelling, and the probability that the larger party had been detained by the fog, would render it possible to overtake them. Much sooner than he expected the next day, they came upon a well-trodden path leading inland from the river and the road, up the bed of a nullah. The fog made it impossible to distinguish landmarks, but he had felt certain that when they first struck the nullah it would be necessary to go down it for some distance before coming on the path, which left it and struck to the south-west at a point about two miles from the road. It was clear, however, that their devious course of the day before must have confused his reckoning, and brought him much nearer to the road than he had imagined, and he turned cheerfully to the left, promising Janie that a few minutes would bring them to the right path, and that when they had gone in the new direction for about an hour they would come to a most satisfactory cave, where there ought to be some dry wood for a fire, "unless Brooke and his lot have used it all up."

But after an hour's walking the new path had not appeared, and still the marks of many feet led up the nullah. Could they have missed the place? Arbuthnot wondered; but if so, whose were the footprints? Could it be that Mr. Brooke and his party had found the path blocked, possibly by another

landslip, and had had to make their way round? This was a dreadful possibility, and Arbuthnot resolved to say nothing about it to Janie for the present. But evening was coming on, and some sort of shelter from the fog and darkness ought to be found. He was at his wits' end, when Janie pointed out a curious lightening of the gloom on the farther side of the nullah—rather a change in the color of the fog than an appreciable relief from it.

"There must be a break there," she said. "Surely that would be the sunset?"

"I don't know. We could hardly see the sunset at that level from where we are standing. It might be a fire."

"Mr. Brooke's?" cried Janie joyfully.

"We'll hope so. Yes, the path turns here. It's not my path, of course, but he may have found another. Shall we risk it? Will you wait here while I go forward and scout?"

"But who else would have a fire here? Oh, don't leave me; it would be so dreadful alone in the fog. Let me come."

At a loss what to do, Arbuthnot yielded, and helped her down into the torrent-bed—which seemed to have been often crossed just here—and up the other side, the faint glow in front of them becoming more pronounced as they advanced. They stood panting at the top of the steep ascent, and before they had found breath to utter a word, a hoarse voice challenged them, and Arbuthnot found a bayonet at his breast. With a presence of mind which Janie could never sufficiently admire, he answered in Hindustani, hurried, entreating, broken with terror, beseeching mercy. His speech gave her a moment to collect herself, and she stopped him with a curt command in Hindustani, then addressed the sentry in English.

"Please take me to your officer. I am an English lady, and this is my ser-

vant. We have lost our way in the mountains."

The words were unintelligible, but the tone was not, though Arbuthnot averred afterwards that the sentry thought Janie was demanding to be allowed to pass on her way. Still keeping his bayonet pointed, the man jerked his left thumb over his shoulder, growled out a word or two which Janie interpreted as a command to proceed, and on their obeying, stepped nimbly behind them, evidently determined not to be attacked in the rear. Another sentry challenged them before they had gone far along the rocky path, and before long they were met by a guard headed by a non-commissioned officer. The guard surrounded them with fixed bayonets, and escorted them through a narrow passage in the rock, through which came the glow of the fire they had seen. There were several fires burning in the cup-like hollow they now entered, and the forms of men could be seen round them dimly in the fog. How large the place was, or what was the size of the force it accommodated, it was impossible to distinguish, but habitations of various kinds were visible—a few tents, and a number of huts sunk into the ground or built of loose stones piled together. Two or three officers met the prisoners and their guard, and an informal inquiry ensued, in the course of which the sentry from the brink of the nullah appeared to receive hearty commendation. Then one of the officers, evidently the captain, turned to Arbuthnot and put some questions to him in Scythian, only to be met by a torrent of eager, deprecating Hindustani. Once more Janie put him aside with a regal gesture.

"Monsieur," she said in French, "I don't know why my servant is to be terrified in this way. I am quite ready to answer any questions you wish to ask. It is true that necessity, rather

than choice, has made me your guest, but I can assure you one welcomes the sight of civilized people after a week in the mountains. Ah, how delightful to see a fire again! May I warm my hands?"

To her surprise the captain made a movement to stop her, but contented himself with walking beside her to the fire and watching her narrowly as she knelt down and stretched out her hands to the blaze. It did not strike her why the action should appear suspicious, and she chattered on.

"You will grant us shelter for to-night, monsieur? It is not much we ask—the smallest tent, a hut even. My servant is accustomed to sleeping out of doors, and I have learnt by this time to sleep on the ground. Then we will go on and not trouble you."

The captain seemed to be struggling with uncontrollable emotion. "But yes, mademoiselle; we will certainly grant you shelter for the night," he said.

"Thank you so much. And perhaps—something to eat?"

"Mademoiselle is starving!" said a younger officer reproachfully, "and we bring her here to watch our fellows at supper."

"If mademoiselle would honor us by becoming our guest?" suggested the captain, with a certain hint of irony that kept Janie's fears on the alert. But at least she had turned these men's attention from Arbuthnot to herself, which was the point of chief importance.

"With the greatest pleasure," she replied, rising promptly. "One does not fare luxuriously in the mountains, messieurs."

"Mademoiselle comes all the way from Gajnipur?" asked the captain, leading the way towards one of the tents.

"But no, monsieur—from Bala, on the contrary. I am attached to the

mission hospital you see as you come down the road from Bala-tarin."

"Ah, where that *protégé* of the General's is being nursed—young what's-his-name?" growled the captain.

"Count Evgueni Filaretovitch Krasinsky," replied Janie unsuspiciously, and only then perceived that she had escaped a trap. The captain spoke more politely as he lifted the flap of the tent.

"This tent was prepared for—a distinguished personage—who has not yet arrived. Until he does, it is entirely at the service of mademoiselle. Supper will be ready in five minutes."

Even Arbuthnot was astonished by the change which Janie, impelled by the feeling that everything depended on her, contrived to effect in her outward appearance in that five minutes. The ever-useful hold-all provided her with a cap, collar, and cuffs, and a Red Cross brassard, together with an apron which concealed her muddy skirt, and she had discarded the unlovely sandals in favor of shoes. The captain and his subordinate welcomed her with enthusiasm, insisted on introducing a lowering youth with a hangdog expression who they told her was the surgeon, and escorted her at once to the mess-tent. They were the only officers left in the camp, they informed her.

"But how is this?" demanded the captain, as Arbuthnot followed them in. "Do your servants take their places at table with their employers, mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Janie, with all the scandalized displeasure she could assume. "My servant was about to wait on me during the meal, as our custom is. But if you prefer it, I will dispense with his services."

"By no means, mademoiselle. I thought it might be a species of practical Christianity usual in the missions," said the captain, with perfect coolness, and Janie realized that she was by no

means out of the wood yet. She took her seat on the camp-chair to which he handed her, the lieutenant being accommodated with a box instead, and Arbuthnot stood behind her as though to the manner born. For a time the officers vied with each other in keeping their guest's plate supplied, and then, without any warning, the captain inquired casually—

"And pray, mademoiselle, why did you leave Bala?"

Honesty was the only policy for Janie, but her heart beat faster as she answered, trying to adopt the same tone. "You see, monsieur, I was suspected of helping some English prisoners to escape, and I was frightened."

The captain looked unfeignedly astonished. "And may one ask whether the suspicion was justified?" he inquired.

Janie considered the question before answering. "No, monsieur, I did not help them to escape," she said; "but I sent a message to warn them that I feared their plan was discovered."

"And that might have deterred them instead of assisting them?" smiled the captain. "I wonder you didn't demand a reward instead of punishment, mademoiselle."

"I don't expect either," said Janie, hoping her smile was as natural as his. "All I ask is to be allowed to pass."

"All? so little!" sighed the captain. "But in war-time a little may mean a great deal. I fear, mademoiselle, that in your hurry you may have come away without the formality of obtaining a pass?"

"Yes, I did," confessed Janie. "But I thought you had a way of letting non-combatants pass under a flag of truce, or something of that kind?"

The captain laughed outright. "But not without a pass, mademoiselle. And even if you had one, I regret to say we could not let you go on now that you have wandered here. For you see,

mademoiselle, we are modest people, we here. We do not wish our location published abroad. In fact, we are here *incognito*."

"Oh!" said Janie, as innocently as she could, "Do you mean that I must stay here too, then?"

"Since it is impossible for the moment for you to return to Bala, mademoiselle, I am sorry to say you must. But rest assured that whatever we can do to lighten the tedium of camp-life for a lady of so much spirit and intrepidity shall be done. I am sure our worthy doctor will also be delighted to welcome the advice of such an authority in the regulation of his hospital."

"Oh, I should be delighted if I could help in any way," said Janie, glancing at the doctor, who scowled. Thereafter she felt as if the sword of Damocles hung over her, and it was a relief when she was allowed to retire to her tent. A disagreeable surprise awaited her there, however, for her belongings had evidently been searched. She knew that there was nothing suspicious among them, but it was unpleasant to find that even Eleanor's photograph, which fitted into a little pocket in the cover of her Bible, had been rudely

taken out and examined. Presently she heard Arbuthnot moving about at the door of the tent, and holding out her shoes, which had become mouldy in the cave, she spoke to him in Hindustani.

"I am ready to escape the moment you call me. I shall sleep in my sandals and everything."

Arbuthnot took the shoes, and grumbled, "They're posting a special sentry over the tent. I've been searched."

"So have my things. Did they find anything on you?" She took back one of the shoes, and indicated the worst patch of mould.

"There was nothing to find, but they took away my knife and revolver and compass. The climbing-pole, of course, they had already."

"But why is it? What do they think?"

"They think," said Arbuthnot, receiving the shoe again and examining it sceptically, "that you are a very clever spy carrying a secret message."

Janie was thunderstruck. "But I thought I had got on so well!" she said. He looked at her with great solemnity.

"It didn't occur to you that you were overdoing it just a little?" he said.

*Sydney C. Grier.*

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE FUNCTION OF MODERN ART CRITICISM.

The function of criticism, we often hear, is to explain and analyze, to help us to appreciate and savor what has been already produced rather than to produce something fresh. Nothing ever came out of criticism; the critical faculty must follow the creative, it cannot precede it. These are common sayings, and if we look to the great creative epochs of the past they seem to be justified,—at least one does not gather that the great Greek creative epoch, or

the Renaissance epoch, was accompanied by any adequately vigorous and profound philosophy of criticism. Criticism came afterwards, when the creative faculty had shown the way, and proceeded to analyze and explain what had been done; but certainly it did not initiate nor even direct and superintend either movement. We must allow due weight to these precedents, but they do not in themselves decide the question. The mere fact that the cre-

ative faculty, in the periods of its highest activity in the past, has proceeded on its own intuition and without aid from the critical faculty is not in itself proof positive that it must always proceed so. Suppose it were shown that circumstances during the Greek and Renaissance movements were such as necessarily to keep before the eye of art one fixed and definite standpoint, and, moreover, were such as to impose certain salutary restrictions and limitations, so that it was impossible for the artist to wander into exuberance and redundancy, then it might not seem unaccountable that those movements should have developed in the way they did, with such coherence and sense of purpose, even though they had no conscious critical reasoning to aid them. And if it could be shown that in our day these circumstances were changed, that the fixed and definite standpoint was swept away and the salutary restrictions and limitations removed, so that these influences operated no longer towards the evolution of an art epoch; then we might, perhaps, come to see the critical faculty in a new light. We might come to see in it the substitute, the natural and only possible substitute, for circumstances which in earlier civilizations had built up the greatest eras of creative art. We might come to see in it a means of inculcating, in the form of a rational theory, the discipline and stability of purpose which those vanished circumstances once imposed automatically.

It is the peculiarity of modern art that to an entire doubt as to its own aims and principles it unites an extraordinarily highly-developed gift of manual dexterity and great technical knowledge. It can paint or carve anything it likes exactly in the manner it likes; at the same time it does not know in the least what to paint or carve, or with what purpose to paint

or carve it. This combination of a practised and fluent hand with a vaguely groping and distracted mind is comparatively new in the history of art. Its consequences have only been realized since the successful pre-Raphaelite revolt against authority and law let loose upon us the whole flood of a hitherto controlled and organized dexterity. At the same time the conjunction is a natural one, for the very possession of unlimited powers of execution is bound to render the task of evolving a sound and authoritative theory of art in some ways more difficult. In the rise of an art, when its attempts to express life are attended by a very slowly-yielding ignorance of how to express anything at all, and by a total lack of fluency and facility in execution, this very ignorance and lack of fluency are a safeguard to it. They keep it in the right way because they insure that all subjects and objects delineated shall be such as possess unusual importance and significance, such as strike the artists' attention with peculiar and reiterated force, and which it is worth making a determined effort to portray. In this way a slowly-moving and laborious art is driven by its own shortcomings to practise methods of selection. It is saved from the accidental and the trivial, from distracting detail and meaningless superfluity, not because it knows better than to yield to their solicitations, but because it does not possess the skill to depict such things. It goes right because it cannot go wrong. Throughout the earlier stages at least of the Greek epoch, as throughout the Renaissance, it is very apparent that sculptor and painter are steadied and kept to a certain path because this is their easiest course. They do not wander, they do not indulge in those individual eccentricities and whims which effectually disperse the force of a creative movement, simply because they cannot. The hand has



not acquired the facility of execution which will permit of the representation of such slight themes.

If the reader will glance at the course of Italian painting from Giotto to Raphael, he will easily perceive how the most fruitful and powerful tradition in Christian art was shepherded for generations by the ignorance and lack of dexterity of its practitioners. The development of painting in Italy keeps pace with the development of the intellectual faculty. It has its rise in the first movement of intellect; and as intellect moves on step by step, widening the range of its observation and interest, so painting moves hand in hand with it, recording its conquests, and in its own artistic progress registering the intellectual progress of the age. The limitations in early Renaissance painting are limitations in intellectual development. They stand for the, as yet, dark places of the mind and chronicle the steps of a transition from a state of intellectual indifference to a state of complete intellectual sensibility.

This mental transition and the degrees by which it is accomplished are the governing factors in Renaissance art. A "great intellectual awakening," as we call the Renaissance, implies an aroused consciousness of the character, form and substance of things. It substitutes for the vague acceptance of appearances common to the pre-intellectual age an active examination of structure and contents, and for indefinite emotions definite ideas. "Moving about in worlds not realized" may express the mental attitude of a pre-intellectual age; to realize the world is the task of intellect.

And in the carrying out of this task mind and eye work together and constantly act and re-act upon each other. He who looks at things with the eye of intellect sees them with a new precision and accuracy. He is driven by

the intellect itself so to see them. Intent on probing into the nature of things, on divining their purpose and composition, and whence they came and whither they are going, and a thousand other facts about them, the intellect must needs in all these matters employ the eye to collect data for it, and this in turn results in a new discernment and discriminative power imparted to the sense of sight. So that the desires of the mind to distinguish accurately and define exactly grow by degrees into unconscious properties of vision, and *seeing with the mind*, as it may be called, becomes seeing in a new and more positive sense of the word.

One main effect, then, of that great intellectual awakening which we date from the Renaissance was that it taught men to see in the intellectual way, with a new exactitude and discrimination, and with a suddenly enhanced comprehension of the reality of what they looked at. But we are not to suppose that the intellectual awakening itself came all at once. Men did not get up one fine morning and gaze about them with a full-fledged curiosity which embraced equally all objects in view. No, the awakening came gradually, and step by step. It challenged the most obviously interesting and important things first, and by degrees extended its survey to others more remote. Now the most obviously interesting and important thing to mankind is man. Accordingly it is upon man that dawning intellectual curiosity first concentrates its attention. Man's aspect and appearance, the motives of his conduct, the causes of his happiness or unhappiness, his past history and future fate, the evil or beneficent influences that attend upon him, these are the questions which the conscious attention that springs from intellect first proceeds to examine. Love of human intercourse and delight in human



society are the most attractive characteristics of what, for this reason, has been well called the *Humanist* movement. As a matter of mental culture and thought, this centrality of man gave a definite point of view to the intellectualism of the Renaissance. The importance and significance of all objects were calculated in terms of human relationship. Those things which partook intimately of the human lot were more important; those which remotely affected it were less important; while those which were so far removed as to be apparently cut off from it altogether were devoid of any importance or significance whatever.

This is the course of development followed by the Renaissance intellectually. Man was the source of interest, and things outside man derived their interest from the closeness of their connection with him. Moreover, this interest was conferred in several well-marked degrees of intensity. After man himself, the next in order of things that conscious attention begins to investigate is man's own handiwork; everything man had made and constructed and is daily making and constructing, his clothes and jewels, his pots and pans, his utensils and ornaments, his churches and palaces, all these things the newly-awakened curiosity begins to turn over and examine, eager to comprehend their laws of construction, and analyze their adaptability to their several ends. This is the first step, and then, after a considerable pause, awakened curiosity finds time to turn from man and man's creations to the nature around him. First it reaches out to those features which form what we call tame nature, the nature of gardens and pleasure grounds, closely bound up with the daily habits of men; and then it goes on slowly and tentatively to deal with remoter objects and certain aspects of wild nature. Anyone even cursorily acquainted with the Renais-

sance will recognize these stages in its progress. He will agree that man himself is the centre and source of interest of the whole movement; that from this centre interest overflowed first on to man's creations, taking effect in the many-sided activity in art and craftsmanship we are all so familiar with, and next to that humanised side of nature which could be associated with pleasant society and culture and the walks and talks of scholars. A society which identifies man as its centre and source of interest is bound to follow these lines of development, and indeed in the series of expansions through which it moved, Italian intellectualism was only following the earlier intellectual culture of the Greeks.

Now this intellectual expansion, with its gradual conquests and ordered motion, is what determines the course of Renaissance painting. The capacity to represent figures and objects and landscapes as they are, to transfer their miniature appearance to canvas, is an intellectual capacity. We spoke just now of that sharpening of the sight, that sense of exact and conscious scrutiny, which the awakened mind bestows upon the eye. This it is which confers the power of natural representation, for to draw things as they are requires that realization of their appearance and structure which only intellectual comprehension gives. This is a statement which we can easily verify. The broad and general difference between Eastern and Western life is that the former, however richly endowed with emotional qualities, lacks the Western intellectualism. The whole civilization of the East is comparatively deficient in the practical, logical, rational characteristics of the West. The contrast between Western and Eastern politics, Western and Eastern governments, Western and Eastern history, Western and Eastern literature and learning and science is that the

former all show powerful traces of the rule of intellect, whereas the latter do not. This is a fact so placarded across the face of the universe as not, I think, to admit of question. Now glance through Oriental art and observe how the effects of this intellectual want make themselves felt. Look at the groups of animals and landscapes, but more especially at the human figures, in Chinese art, in Japanese art, in Indian art, in Persian art, and in the old art of Egypt and Assyria. The same disability links them all together, a lack, namely, of the power of natural representation. I am aware of the slight qualifications which have to be introduced to this general statement, and that here and there in regard to certain objects or animals the power of natural representation has been attained by Orientals. But in the main the statement is true. Incapable of natural representation, the Oriental is driven to suggest the originals by arbitrary formulas and conventions, perpetually reiterated and arranged, much as a child might arrange them who was ignorant of foreshortening and perspective, in flat detachment like the pattern on a wall paper. This naïve and unreal character, running all through Oriental art, opposes the whole mass of it to the whole mass of Western art, which reproduces things as they actually appear. No doubt the rudiments of vision are the same in an Oriental as in a European, but the Oriental is not conscious of *how* he sees. He does not see with the brain; that keen, analytical quality of sight which arises, as we said, from the eye being used as an instrument of the intellect, is absent from his vision; and the consequence is that the power of natural representation is absent from his art. These two—intellectual development and the power of natural representation—are indissoluble. Whenever and wherever a race exhibits in

its life and literature the marks of intellectual capacity, its art will exhibit knowledge of natural representation. Whenever and wherever a race fails in intellectual power, however great its progress along emotional lines, it will fail in art to represent naturally. You can only get out of art what life puts into it. The contribution of intellect is not to be found in Oriental art because it is not to be found in Oriental life.

The power then to reproduce a thing pictorially in its real likeness depends upon an intellectual realization of it. We shall not be able to draw and paint it correctly until we have that realization; but as soon as we attain to such a realization we shall be able to draw and paint it. Now the awakening of intellect, as was pointed out, came by degrees; therefore, since the power to draw rightly depends on intellect, that, too, must come by degrees. The awakening intellect extended itself in successive, more or less definable, radiations from man, its source and centre, to man's handiwork, from man's handiwork to familiar and domesticated nature and finally to more remote and wilder nature. The power to draw rightly must follow the same lines of development.

It should be easy to show, in brief outline, that it did so. So long as the Byzantine tradition lasts, nothing, not even the figures, is realized intellectually. The attitudes, stiff and angular, are not real attitudes. The long cadaverous faces are not real faces. The reiteration of the same stereotyped features allies such treatment with the Oriental in all ages. Intellect has not got hold of the subject matter of these drawings. It is before the awakening. Ere the thirteenth century is out, however, there are signs of the approaching change. These first occur in the figures, which begin to break their flat, hieroglyphical postures and come to life. They soon appear in various atti-

tudes instead of always in the same attitude, they are of various types instead of always the same type, and the faces express various intelligible human emotions instead of no emotions at all. They move and act, stiffly it is true and within a very limited range of movement; still the consciousness of their real nature begins to stir in them. It is, I cannot help remarking, for one who looks upon art as the expression of life, the most touching and pathetic movement in the whole of her history. Of all discoveries none ever brought in such immediate, rich results as the discovery of man by man. The interest of man, of the motives, emotions and ideas that stir his mind, that change, and are to be traced in, the expression of his face, that prompt the appropriate postures of his body and gestures of his limbs, all this, the intimate, intellectual consciousness of all this, is the new stimulus which the mind of the age is applying to the eye. It is a time of extraordinarily keen delight in human fellowship and intercourse, a time when the pleasures of society begin to be first consciously felt and then to be cultivated and enhanced. A new ideal of life and manners, a new comprehension and power of sympathy, a new gentleness and urbanity are coming into being. We conceive the youth of the Renaissance gazing at each other with eyes in which delight and a dawning recognition are dispelling the old insensibility. Such was the gaze by which the Oriental emaciations of Byzantine art were roused to life. "Those are not real cheeks, real cheeks are round and ruddy. Those are not real eyes, nor that a real body, nor are those limbs and hands and feet real." Thus the artist felt; but before he, as spokesman of his age, felt it, what a new power of observation must have come into men's eyes, and with how hitherto unfelt a desire to appreciate the significance and beauty of faces

and forms and expression and gestures must men and women in those days have begun to gaze at each other!

This is the first step. Man lives for man in real life, and forthwith man begins to live for the artist on his canvas. But not much else lives. For the most part the blank cold background, blotting out all save the figures, still meets the claims of the universe with a blank negation. Soon, however, interest spreads. The works of men's hands form, as we said, the next sphere it is to conquer, and of such works that which far eclipsed all others in the estimation of citizens so proud of the civic dignity and grandeur of their several cities as the Italians, was necessarily architecture. From the earliest days of the Renaissance, architecture, as must be the case in all great epochs of art, was the pursuit and industry which most engaged attention, and the new spirit that thenceforth began to animate this art is peculiarly characteristic of the change of mental attitude of the age. It is true that the enthusiasm which backed up the nameless Gothic architects and master masons was at least as powerful and universal as that which encouraged Brunelleschi or Bramante. But the important thing to notice is that the character of the two enthusiasms is totally different. The mediæval enthusiasm is emotional, the Renaissance enthusiasm intellectual. The Gothic cathedrals grew spontaneously as unpremeditated, unreasoned expressions of feeling and temperament. The Renaissance buildings are carefully adjusted, logical structures, planned to produce intentional effects of symmetry or grandeur. Whether they produce those effects need not be considered; all we have to observe is that, with the Renaissance, we come all at once to a reasoning, self-conscious, self-analyzing style of architecture, a style which sets itself to handle and examine intellectually

the problems contained in the art.

Architecture, then, was the branch of man's handiwork which, in the Renaissance age, especially attracted the intellectual interest which alone makes a thing realizable and paintable to the artist.

Accordingly it is the subject in which, after the figures, painting makes most decisive and earliest progress. Before the thirteenth century is out architectural accessories are introduced as a setting to the awakening figures. They are invariably executed with a new care and closeness of attention, the mouldings and details being drawn with fastidious precision, while the character of the structure is fully realized and rendered. It is, indeed, often over-realized, and with too complete a consciousness of the function and formation of columns, architraves and cornices; the consequence being that buildings, in Renaissance painting generally, are apt to assert themselves too vigorously and with something of the harsh exactitude of an architect's plans. So enamoured is the artist of the intellectual interest of this subject that he cannot deny himself the pleasure of articulating every detail of it. More, he cannot help introducing it even amongst the most incongruous surroundings. Stately pleasure domes or classic temples must start up in the wilderness, or be perched on inaccessible crags; and the crib at Bethlehem must be sheltered by a Corinthian pediment.

And what renders the strength and realism of the architectural drawing the more remarkable is that the scenes amid which it commonly occurs are, as regards their natural features, rendered, at first, with an entire and, later, with a partial lack of comprehension. The eye turns from some difficult, elaborate structure, a triumph of realistic painting, to a river indicated by parallel white lines and some fish

cruising about on the surface, or to a foreground of a dull, whitish grey in texture neither soil nor rock, but of the nature, apparently, of pipe-clay, or to certain shapeless peaks in the background of the same white clay as the foreground, with two or three trees, in make and shape like enormous black toad-stools, poised on their summits. It would not be possible to have marked for us more clearly the limits to which intellectual realization had reached. On the one side of those limits all is life and accuracy, on the other all is dull insensibility and images without character or life. The awakening intellect has realized figures and has realized buildings, but rivers and rocks, the common earth and mountain peaks, it has not realized at all. In the representation of these features certain formulæ are reiterated and acquiesced in with almost the apathy of the old Byzantine days. The stratification of rock, the outcrops of ledges, the ripples on water, the shapes of clouds and many other natural objects are indicated by conventions which are repeated quite in the Oriental spirit for centuries. Progress in these regions remote from humanity was slow. Even so penetrative a genius as Leonardo never came to perceive that the savage rocks possessed a character of their own, and structural laws of their own, which made them worthy of being painted, and which needed realization if they were to be painted properly. He had never looked at rocks with the eye of intellect, and he painted them accordingly as if they had been made of cheese.

But if progress, in dealing with scenes of wild nature, is slow, it is much more rapid in the rendering of domesticated or tame nature. The colored flower-heads that peeped from the grass at man's feet, the trees, symmetrical and cultured, which grew around their villas, or tempted them by their

promise of cool shade to ascend the gentle eminence on which they stood, these were the artists' first subjects; and it is with these as with the architecture,—no sooner is attention once turned upon them than they are rendered with a perfect articulation of leaf and petal which testifies to the new comprehension which has suddenly seized upon them. But still the limit of intellectual realization, the point it has attained to but beyond which it cannot yet penetrate, though pushed back a step, remains clearly marked; for while the surrounding shrubs and flowers are wrought with a perfect delicacy of discrimination, the hills and earth are pipe-clay still, and the rocks mere shapeless dumplings. The old suddenness of transition from knowledge to ignorance remains. As a man standing in the heart of a mist sees the vapour lift and recoil, uncovering by degrees the nearer objects while still obstructing the remote, so is it with the intellectual range, and so with the artistic capacity of the Renaissance. Man; man plus architecture and clothes; man plus architecture and clothes plus a few flowers and trees; man plus architecture and clothes, plus a few flowers and trees, plus an enlarging area gradually extending to things remote, but never quite mastering the absolutely wild,—these are the degrees of enlightenment. From man as the centre of all interest intellectual realization proceeds, and as it proceeds, working outwards, first one set of objects and then another is comprehended, rendered definable, and so brought within the grasp of the artist. Thus most Renaissance pictures—all of them which comprise a sufficiently wide range of subject matter—are to some extent shared between knowledge and ignorance. How far knowledge has got, to what extent it has penetrated the whole picture, will, of course, depend chiefly on the period at which the

work was painted; but until the ascending movement comes to an end and art begins to decline into anarchy, there remain always moods of nature not realized, not paintable; and so in every work of adequate range the limit of intellectual realization will be distinctly apparent. Once let this idea be entertained and the reader will find, as he walks through the rooms of the National Gallery, that his eye will easily learn to distinguish the intellectual range of most of the works. For example, in "The Nativity," by Luca Signorelli, the figures, attitudes, faces, expressions, movements are all free and expressive; the little flowers and herbs and grasses in the foreground are exquisitely realized and reproduced; the temple in the middle distance is drawn with the most determined correctness, as also are the battlements and towers of the town on the hill; but the crags and rocky declivities which form the greater part of the composition are not in the least like natural stones and cliffs, but are merely the perpetuation of certain dull formulæ accepted as signifying the real things by artists whose comprehension had never grasped their actual appearances. A still more conspicuous example of the same limitation is Mantegna's "Agony in the Garden," in which the figures, near and distant, are drawn with easy mastery, in which, too, the white Jerusalem walls and towers, and all the delicate architecture of the city are elaborated with exquisite accuracy, yet in which the wild peaks and rocky landscape are executed with a complete and child-like unconsciousness of their real character.

Nor can it be maintained in explanation of such limitations that the capacity of Renaissance art progressed from the more easy to the more difficult. On the contrary the reverse is rather the case. The success achieved is in inverse proportion to the ease in achieving it. Of all subjects the hu-



man form, with its infinite variety of gesture and expression, dependent on minute inflections in drawing, is the most difficult to master; after figures, architecture, with its complex perspective and the demand it makes on exactitude of line, is the next most difficult, while when we come to nature, the trees and flowers of the foreground are certainly much harder to render than the wilder and remoter features of the landscape. Any student of water-color painting at the present day could draw a wild landscape with a truth which no painter of the Renaissance could have rivalled; and it would be only as he approached the more difficult features in composition that he would find Renaissance art forging ahead of him. The cause of success or failure, in the case of Renaissance art, does not therefore lie in ease or difficulty of execution. It is to be found rather in the fact that as we make the transition from wild nature to tame, from tame nature to man's handiwork, and from man's handiwork to man, we are moving from the outskirts of a circle towards the center of it, which is man himself, and consequently, with every step we take, the appeal to human interest increases in power and intensity. This human interest it is, this power, as I have called it, of intellectually realizing the object looked at, which is the proper clue to the progress made. Let intellect catch hold, let it inform the eye with its desire for penetrating, measuring, defining, and whether the thing looked at be difficult or easy to draw the artist will soon learn to draw it. Let intellect fail to catch hold, fail to direct the eye, and though the object be comparatively easy to represent, he will find himself helpless before it.

I think it will be felt that art thus regarded, thus watched as it tracks the mind, throws some light on the psychological aspect of the Renaissance.

We know the fascination of that epoch. It marks the emergence, after long eclipse, of a faculty destined to assert in our own times an almost unquestioned despotism over the mind. Any means which make the mind of that age more realizable to us, therefore—which help us to trace and follow the movements of the new faculty, to observe in what directions it first assays its powers, and in what manner and with what results it makes its influence felt—must needs be of importance. And if once we conceive artistic activity as based on intellectual, we have at once a visible clue to the whole intellectual development. We have, for example, the dominating position of Florence defined with a new clearness. In the case of several schools of art, analyzed by Mr. Berenson in his lately-published "*Northern Painters*," it is apparent that the Florentine influence is always the fruitful and progressive one, and that motives derived from other sources always tend to sterility. This will seem natural enough if we recognize that artistic progress was made possible by intellectual progress, for there is no question for a moment of Florence's intellectual supremacy. What the Renaissance, as a whole, did for art was to turn it into a vehicle for the expression of intellectualized life, and it was because Florence led the way in matters of intellect that she led the way in matters of art. Side by side at the rise of the new epoch stand the two great Florentine figures of Dante and Giotto, like a pair of mountain springs, from which the twin rivers of literature and art flow down to the valleys and the plain; dealing, both of them, with the more momentous issues of man's fate, and dealing with them with that new, unmistakable and terrible force of intellectual realization of which they were the first appointed instruments. Down from Dante stretches a line of poets and prose writers whose

study is still man, but who develop by degrees a more and more familiar and mundane intimacy with their subject; while down from Glotto stretch the Renaissance painters, pursuing a like course, and handling by degrees more familiarly all the circumstances of human life. The literary impulse thus given is to end in the minute realizations of the modern novel. The artistic impulse thus given is to end in the correspondingly minute realizations of modern painting. But the two, at every stage of their development, are inseparable, for they both alike result from the intellect's widening survey or closer scrutiny.

But although, this being the case, we might, as, indeed, we generally do, approach our subject from the literary point of view, and perhaps from several other points of view besides, yet I cannot help doubting whether any of these methods of study, or all combined, would give us the same vivid perception of the course followed by the movement as is to be gained from painting. Does one reader in fifty realize the meaning of that dull phrase of ours, "the awakening of the intellect," which we have repeated till it has become a mere formula? Does one reader in fifty realize it as an active process, with tangible results and methods, and a regular scheme of development of its own? I venture to doubt if an historical, political, or literary study of the subject could endow it with such a living interest. But consider it in relation to the view of painting that has been suggested. Watch the operation of the new faculty touching into life, like a magic wand, the figures and countenances of men and women; thence moving on to things most soaked with human interest, and so by degrees to others more removed. Watch the mental activity thus rendered visible, creeping and spreading from stage to stage, giving realism to each thing

as it reaches and grasps it. Does not such a manifestation of its activity, thus laid on the canvas before our eyes, quicken our old phrase with a new meaning, and enable us to realize the intellectual awakening as a vital process.

And now will the reader consider our own case and the depth of the difference between Renaissance art and ours. The old limitations no longer in these days exist. So completely has the modern mind become intellectualized, and so completely has it intellectualized the eye, that the modern artist can paint anything. Not wild nature only, throwing it all, just as it is, upon the canvas, and not all the daily incidents and moments of human life only, fugitive glimpses seen one minute and gone the next, yet caught with the extraordinarily swift intellectual perception of modern sight—not these things only can the artist of to-day paint, but atmospheric effects of shadows, and reflections and mists; of sunbeams in the air and upon the leaves and grass—effects so aerial and evanescent that they seem scarcely palpable to sight itself. The change would seem all in favor of ourselves. Instead of being able to deal only with a very limited range of subjects, modern art can deal with, can realize, the universe. Its sphere of interest and its sphere of capacity are alike indefinitely enlarged, and in this sense the task which Renaissance art set out to accomplish, the task of converting painting into an adequate vehicle for the expression of intellectualized life, may be said to have been achieved. But there is something to set against this. Our facility in representation, our miscellaneous and universal range of interest, threaten us with pitfalls from which Renaissance art was exempt. The man who can draw but little, and that little all from the same point of view, cannot widely err. The man who can draw anything from any

point of view is liable to infinite error. There might be no great occasion to preach the need of selection and the evils of redundancy to an artist who could paint only a bunch of cyclamen, a praying saint and an acacia tree; but how widely different does the case become when we have to do with artists who can paint rocks and dew, and the tangle of woods and street crowds, and 'buses and hansoms, and all the motley panorama and topsy-turveydom of natural and human life all over the world!

This is the difference that puts modern criticism on a new footing. Instinctively we look to the Renaissance, the greatest creative epoch in painting of Christian times, for instruction and guidance in the art. We do so because we feel that the coherence, significance and simplicity of that art are the essential qualifications for all effective art, that all art is effective only in so far as it possesses these qualities, and that our own art must somehow or other attain to them if it is ever to express anything at all with clearness and power. Doubtless we are right. The qualities of Renaissance art are the qualities of great art in all ages, and we cannot too clearly recognize it. But also we cannot too clearly understand that it is impossible for us to attain to these qualities by the road by which the Italians attained to them. We have lost the old human centralization and the strict limitations in executive range of Renaissance art which were such safeguards, which forced coherence, significance, and simplicity on their generation, so that that generation could do without a thoughtful and sound critical theory of art. Those safeguards and restraints have vanished. Nothing any longer forces coherence, significance and simplicity upon us, and therefore we cannot do without a thoughtful and sound critical theory of art. We who know enough

to go wrong must know enough to go right. If the reader would realize how grave a peril facility of execution, unguided and unrestrained, may become, he has but to glance around at the anarchy and confusion which have everywhere invaded the domain of art. Never were energy and activity in that domain so universal as at present, yet never was the direction which all this energy and activity should take more obscure. One knows not whether to marvel most at the volume of the yearly output which this energy is responsible for, or at the number of spasmodic and contradictory impulses in which it fritters itself away. Looking down once on to the great cataract south of Wady Halfa, which the Arabs call the "Belly of Stone," I saw below me a vast expanse of scattered boulders among which the water gushed and foamed, spouting in a thousand petty channels, sometimes in this direction, sometimes in that, so that in the chaos and din it was difficult to distinguish any forward movement at all. Never was the progress of water in less proportion to its energy. Voluble yet incoherent, eager yet aimless, of such a kind is the activity which possesses modern art. No one will deny what all lament. The speculation at the back of every mind is, how are we to regain the coherence and simplicity we have lost; how are we to curb and control this terrible dexterity which takes the impress of every random whim with such fatal facility?

Will the art of criticism prove equal to such a task? Intellect, with its realization of the actual appearance and structure of things, has given us the dexterity; will intellect, pressed further and revealing inward principles of coherence and order, teach us how to curb and control it? I do not mean to suggest that criticism can ever stand us in the stead of creative genius, still less that it can be a sub-

stitute for those profound impulses of emotion and faith which unite whole populations in a common endeavor and are the main instruments in the evolution of artistic epochs. Criticism will never of itself generate a great creative epoch. It may, however, prepare the way for such an epoch, and it may greatly enhance its value when it comes. And in the meantime, while we are still in the experimental stage, it may instil the beginnings of a purpose and a concerted aim into the experiments of the hour by formulating a body of authoritative ideas which may serve as a check on the too facile indulgence in personal vagaries, and suggest to all earnest people the existence of certain assured clues amid the labyrinth of alternatives around them.

This is the task cut out for modern  
The Contemporary Review.

art criticism. The new circumstances under which art is now carried on are forcing every year more peremptorily this duty upon it. To share the enthusiasms of the moment, to follow instead of guiding public opinion, is an easy critical method and one sure of reward, for he will not have to wait long for recognition who supplies us with reasons for liking what we like already. But it is not by such means that criticism will justify its claim to be considered a serious intellectual vocation. That claim it can justify only by shouldering the new responsibility cast upon it and settling itself to build up a code of laws which shall answer the purpose of the old executive limitations in controlling and concentrating the creative faculty

L. March Phillipps.

## PROBATIONARY.

### IX.

For a month at least the Kordinghee case was talked about all over India. When the trial was going on, "The Pioneer" devoted three columns to it every day. The "Koilhais" of Madras were absorbed in it, and in the Northern Circars nobody talked of anything else.

In the beginning public interest had been aroused by the rumor of a rebellion somewhere away in the back of Ganjam. There was a story that a young police assistant had seized the body of a high-caste Rani from the funeral pyre in anticipation of a warrant which the civil authorities had afterwards refused. The whole district was said to be in a ferment, and there had been several riots in which the young man, whose name was French, had been seriously wounded. The boy, of course, was officially execrated. It appeared that he had acted on a cock-

and-bull story without evidence. He could not produce a single witness to support his suspicion of foul play, and the medical man who had conducted the post-mortem reported that the Rani had died of heart-failure.

At this early stage Dick's conduct in the affair was more discussed than the political difficulties his action called into being. Had there been a magistrate of any character on the spot Dick might have fared better. But unfortunately Bose was the medium of official communication, and he took care to leave an impression that Dick had acted irresponsibly and without deliberation. In a confidential letter to the Collector, Bose had attributed "Mr. French's blunder to his credulity, his ignorance of the country, and his inherent inability to understand the serious nature of the issues involved." The Bengali added that no circumstances had come to his notice which would justify him

in issuing a warrant for the seizure of the corpse.

So Dick was to be made the scapegoat. There was no doubt of it. He was generally voted a scatter-brained young ass, but his pluck was admitted on all sides. The case offered one of those interesting psychological problems that attract men who study the odd effects of the East on their neighbor's character. Dick was much discussed in the Walthair Club.

"French must have been just a little bit jumpy," the doctor said. "I put it down to 112° in the shade."

"I believe he is Irish," said Macpherson.

"He was certainly not ower canny," said O'Hagan.

"To tell you the truth," said Lisle, "Kordinghee is a queer place. Young Bennett shot himself there. I shouldn't be surprised if French had run *amók*."

Then entered Bradley, the Superintendent of Police, whose assistant Dick had been at Walthair, a walking mountain of kindness.

"You are talking of French," he said. "The boy has stuff in him. You must remember all we have heard of this business emanates from Bose. It wouldn't surprise me if French came out top after all."

A week afterwards it was known that the chemical examiner in Madras had found arsenic in the stomach of Parbuti Bibi. The Chandra Raja, Venkata Sastri, and Jagannadham, the cook, were arrested and committed for trial. Dick was escorting them to Kalingapatan.

That was the second stage of the affair. As the trial went on, it became clear to every one that Dick had shown an unusual force of character for a young man of his years. He had laid his plans with great tact and secrecy, acted with quickness and decision, and carried the

thing through with the most resolute courage. A suspicion of his intentions would have defeated the scheme, but he had known how to hold his counsel. The men at his back were all Telugus, men of the same prejudices and the same moral and physical weakness as the mob he had hoodwinked and defeated. It was Dick's personality that had driven them to it. The boy was something of a leader.

Yet what one admired most was the thing that damned him, the moral courage he had shown in running the whole business on his own initiative, blandly bandaging the eyes of the heaven-born as if they were timid and meddlesome children, to be kept out of the way until it was too late to interfere. It was an amazing piece of impudence. But there was hardly a policeman in the Presidency who would not have liked to slap him on the back for it.

But Dick was by no means cleared. A verdict for the prosecution would only partially justify his action. In the meanwhile the case dragged on with frequent postponements. The line taken up by the defence was that Parbuti Bibi had been in the habit of taking arsenic, as many native women do, for a tonic. A letter was produced, written by the Rani to her father, the Raja of Kadamkotah, in which she referred to the purchase of the drug. The old Raja was summoned to the trial, and confirmed the genuineness of his daughter's letter. Among the witnesses for the defence was one Chetty, a shopkeeper from the bazaar, who had sold arsenic to the Rani's confidential servant. This man, Poniah by name, said it was no secret that Parbuti Bibi took arsenic, and he said he could produce the identical phial, half-empty, as it had been found in her apartment in the zenana. The phial was not called for in court, owing to the difficulty of proving its identity—the hostile atti-



tude of the mob having made an investigation impossible.

Things were not going well for the prosecution when, on the thirteenth day, a new and sensational element entered into the case. Raghava Rao, Dick's sub-inspector, had discovered that the ryot's daughter, who had been kidnapped the night of the Kordinghee affair, had been murdered an hour or two afterwards, and he had collected circumstantial evidence to show that the crime was traceable to a Brahmin, Rama Rao, who had already figured in the case as a witness, and was known to be in collusion with the Chandra Raja. He continued to appear in the trial, though in a different rôle.

This new complication opened the eyes of the public to the inner politics of Kordinghee. The right or wrong of the postmortem question was forgotten. The revelation involved greater issues. Those who had followed the trial—and the number included the greater part of literate India—were now mainly concerned with the dark and hidden system of crime which it disclosed, bringing to light a state of things more generally suspected than realized. It was easy to believe that a similar régime existed in other obscure corners of the Presidency, and there was a feeling that a few more men of French's type would do a world of good.

Venkata Sastri and the Chandra Raja had pursued their ends with an unscrupulousness and callous indifference that seemed to imply a sense of impunity, justified no doubt by the palace records. Every servant, priest and parasite of the family knew that Parbuti Rani was being poisoned, and they knew that the ryot's daughter had been kidnapped as a substitute to take her place at the post-mortem. Yet the palace walls breathed no secret beyond the vague and indifferent rumors that

penetrated to the bazaar. The one moonlight informer had vanished like a phantom. The accident of Dick's presence alone had disturbed the black ooze of undredged wickedness and intrigue that had collected in the stagnant backwater of Kordinghee.

The new turn that the case had taken left a moral certainty of the guilt of the three accused, though it contributed very little towards their conviction. As the trial proceeded the Prosecutor made it clear that the Chandra Raja was implicated in the second murder. Yet no amount of cross-examination could extract the shadow or suggestion of a motive for it from any of the witnesses. The connection between the two murders was evident, but it did not directly advance the prosecution.

On the afternoon of the seventeenth day the case for the defence hung on a thread. The servant, Poniah, was challenged unexpectedly to produce the phial of arsenic which was alleged to have been found in the Rani's possession at the time of her death.

After an interval the phial was brought into court. "Will you swear," the Public Prosecutor asked him, "that this bottle is the identical one purchased by the Rani, and that the contents have not been touched since she died?"

The witness swore piously. He was palpably relieved, thinking that at last his evidence was going to be accepted.

Two other important witnesses, both of them inmates of the palace, were called upon to identify the phial as the one purchased by the Rani. They pledged themselves solemnly.

The phial was then handed to the civil surgeon, who was in court at the time, and he was asked to specify the kind of arsenic it contained.

"It is yellow arsenic," he said.

The Public Prosecutor rose again. "May I trouble you, sir," he said, "to inform the court as to what species of arsenic was found in the stomach." There was a significant pause. It could not have been more than two minutes, yet it seemed at least a quarter of an hour. Dick felt that his official career hung on the answer. The judge glanced through a file of papers on his desk, selected one, and opened it.

"It was white arsenic," he said.

The evidence for the defence was utterly discredited.

It was at this point in the trial that Jagannadham, the cook, turned Queen's evidence to save his ugly worthless skin. He stated that Venkata Sastri had personally instigated him to poison Parbuti Rani, promising to pay him the sum of five hundred rupees in cash, besides other rewards for his services; that the Chandra Raja was also in the plot, and that Rama Rao and two accomplices, Ard Narayan and Padmanappadu, had received a thousand rupees each for the murder of the ryot's daughter, and were to have received another thousand rupees if they had succeeded in substituting her remains for those of Parbuti Rani. This evidence was corroborated in every material point.

The end of it all was that Venkata Sastri, Rama Rao, Ard Narayan, and Padmanappadu were condemned to death. The Chandra Raja, for political reasons, was let off with transportation for life, and the approver, Jagannadham, was granted a formal pardon. The apothecary was committed for bribery and corruption, and spent the next seven years of his life in the Andamans.

On the last night of the trial the Inspector General of Police was dining with the Governor of the Presidency.

"It has been a most wholesome ex-

ample," the Governor was saying, "and the publicity of it will do a great deal of good. We must teach these intriguing palace Brahmins that they are not beyond our reach. It seems to me that a Zenana in a place like Kordinghee is as isolated as a rock in the Pacific."

"It is not easy to get at them," the Inspector said. "These Zemindars possess unbounded influence."

"That Police boy seems to have a cool head. I hear he had no business to seize the corpse. Didn't he act without a warrant?"

"It was a technical breach of discipline, sir. But Bose, the assistant magistrate, is a negligible man. He would never have plucked up courage to issue the warrant. It was lucky he was away from Kordinghee, for if it had not been for French being there alone, not one of these men would have got their deserts."

"I like a boy who is not afraid of responsibility."

"French comes of good stock, sir; he will do well."

"Are you going to send him back to Kordinghee?"

"I am transferring him to Lingapuram. Bruce is on leave, and the place needs a strong man. He is very young for the post, and some of his seniors won't like it; but I think he will do."

Dick cabled to Veronica the result of the trial and the news of his promotion to acting superintendent on five hundred rupees a-month. "Come out as soon as you can," he added.

He met her in Bombay in November. He had two months' leave, and they spent their honeymoon travelling among the old cities of the north. The Taj, the Golden Temple, the Kutab Minar, Chitore, the Palace of Amber, the ruins of Fatehpur Sikri, were enveloped for them in a haze of loveliness that transcended their dreams.

"Oh, Dick! It is too lovely," Veronica said. "I am afraid."

They were drifting down the Ganges at Benares by the light of a crescent moon. Dick detached a gold locket

Blackwood's Magazine,

from the end of his watchchain. It was the first pledge Veronica had given him. He threw it into the wrinkled silver-embossed stream, and the jealous gods were propitiated.

Edmund Candler.

## TROPICAL CLIMATES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

A comparison of the condition of any region of the earth's surface in two far distant periods is a study of extraordinary fascination, giving rise to reflection of a still wider range. Such a comparison is most striking in the polar regions, because the contrast is much greater than elsewhere. Let us turn, then, to the discoverers of traces of the very earliest age in the regions of the pole. It was here that the present writer first began to read "sermons in stones."

Early in September 1850 the ships employed in the search for Sir John Franklin's expedition were fast to an icefloe which barred their way to the westward. Winter was rapidly approaching, and the ships had to winter in the open pack between Griffith and Cornwallis Island in 74° 34' N., 95° 20' W. Any one can see the place on a map by looking where Lancaster Sound opens to the westward from Baffin's Bay, and carrying his eye along Barrow's Strait.

Being fast fixed in the ice, rather more than half a mile from the north side of Griffith Island, we were able to make frequent excursions to the shore.

I and my companion, the present Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, took many walks along the beach, and up the ravines of Griffith Island. The northern side consists of an imposing line of lofty cliffs, ten miles long, with a talus and beach, broken at distant intervals by snow-covered ravines, where beetling cliffs rise high above the white slopes. As we strolled along the boul-

der-strewn beach, we were much interested by the numerous fossils. The first that attracted our attention was a flat slab covered with the long, many-jointed stems of *encrinites*, some separate perforated joints like little beads. Soon we came upon many more of these slabs scattered over the beach. There were also two species of *orthoceras*, one afterwards receiving the name of *Griffithi*, three or four brachiopod bivalves, and some corals.

After exploring the beach for several days, we went up one of the ravines whence there were glorious views over the wide expanse of ice to Cornwallis Island, and the double hills of Cape Hotham marvellously refracted. In this ravine we were able to keep warm by tobogganing down its sides, and here we repeated our parts for the theatricals. But my researches were not stopped by the snow of the ravine. Eventually I got beyond it, and reached the gentler slope on the southern side of the island, where a more interesting discovery of fossils awaited me. For on these southern slopes the frost had detached many trilobites from the overhanging rocks, singular crustaceans of a remote age, whose presence completed the revelation of the condition of the region now occupied by Griffith Island, in the distant past.

We thus came to know the fossils of Griffith Island, and were able to make a comparison between the condition of the region in two far distant ages. Personally, we knew islands bound in perpetual frost, with the temperature at

—50° in March, and the sea covered with ice for ten months in the year. But looking back over countless ages, there was a change indeed. With the mind's eye we could picture to ourselves a warm tropical sea extending to the pole, probably a shallow sea, with a hot steaming mist hanging over it. The fossils of Griffith Island told us of the tenants of this warm sea. The trilobites were crustaceans with armor in transverse lines, so that they could roll themselves up like hedgehogs, and many were found rolled up. There were also two deep longitudinal furrows which divided the back into three lobes. We never found a head, but this missing part is well known in other parts of the world. The trilobites probably lived at the bottom of the hot primeval sea, and with them were great crowds of *brachiopoda*, bivalve-molluscs with two shells not connected by a hinge. Their abundance indicates a plentiful supply of minute organic life in the Silurian seas. There were corals and madrepores, and forests of the beautiful stone-lilies (*encrinurites*). On the surface of the Silurian polar sea sailed several kinds of *orthoceras*, including the *Orthoceras Griffithi*, a cephalopod like a nautilus uncoiled and extended in a straight line, with cells like a nautilus, and smooth septa. If a nautilus may be compared to a ship, the *orthoceras* is a canoe, the prototype and first development of the more perfect form. It pursued a free swimming life, "highly organized for the catching and destroying of the weaker marine animals, the lords of the organic world in their day."

Thus, with a knowledge of the fossils on Griffith Island, we were able to build up, in imagination, the condition of the same region with all the denizens of its tropical sea, countless ages before it became a group of frozen islands with an ice-covered sea. The comparison of the two periods must

add immensely to the interest of those frozen regions.

Another comparison may be made between Melville and Banks Islands with their frozen soil and rigorous winter, and the same region when covered with tropical vegetation. There was indeed a contrast. Now there is a climate of extreme severity. McClure must have perished with all his people if he had not been rescued by the *Resolution*. The Griffith Island region was once a warm Silurian sea. That of Melville and Banks Islands was all forest-covered land. It is now a mass of closegrained white sandstone, containing numerous beds of bituminous coal, and scarcely any marine fossils. In former ages there were forests now represented by the coal-beds—forests which flourished for centuries, and then came to an end. But there are later evidences of the vegetation, either growing *in situ* or drifted. On Ballast Beach, on the northwest side of Banks Island, there are great accumulations of fossil trees lying about from the seashore to a height of three hundred feet. Layers of trees (*Abies alba*) were visible, protruding from the rock. In one ravine there was a mass of wood for a thickness of forty feet. A cone of spruce fir and some wood had been fossilized by brown hematite. All this timber is, of course, much later than the coal vegetation. It resembles the present driftwood. Sir Roderick Murchison was of opinion that, at the period of its deposition, large portions of the Parry Islands were submerged. Trees and cones were drifted from the nearest lands on which they grew, and were eventually deposited on submarine rocks. Then there was a gradual elevation of land, carrying with it the drifted timber. Those portions of the wood which had been exposed to alternations of frost and thaw would become rotten; whilst those which remained enclosed in mud, when

brought to light by the opening of ravines or other accidental causes, present a fresh appearance. The wood has been preserved in its ligneous state for thousands of years, owing to the excessive cold of the region.

Although the winter in Banks and Melville Islands is rigorous, the summers are times when the land is visited by game, and the Arctic flora is comparatively rich. Numbers of geese and ducks breed round the lakes in the southern parts of Banks Island, and there are herds of musk oxen (followed by their enemies the wolves), reindeer, hares, ptarmigan, and lemmings.

The comparison is between the Arctic Banks and Melville Islands of the present day, and the dense forests of the Carboniferous period on the same sites. Then the land of forest slowly subsided, and was covered with an iceless sea. The submerged land was thickly strewn with masses of driftwood, and in the course of ages it rose again with its forests converted into bituminous coal, and its ravines piled thick with the driftwood, and it rose again into an Arctic climate. Here the sequence is more complete. We can imagine the growth and disappearance of the primeval forests, while the subsidence and upheaval explain the presence of wood in the ravines of Ballast Beach.

The greatest interest of all, in the history of the polar regions, lies in the semi-tropical forest which covered the Arctic continent in the miocene period. The discovery of this flora, which has also been found to exist in other parts of the Arctic regions, was first made at a place called Atanekrdluk, on the west coast of Greenland. The island of Disco consists of a vast tableland rising to 3,000 and 4,000 feet, and covered with an ice-cap, with slopes descending from it, ending in valleys and low land under the cliffs. The greater part of Disco is formed of gneiss, with

an overflow of basalt forming a thick cap. The northern shore of Disco is separated from the mainland of Greenland, here known as the Noursoak Peninsula, by a channel called the Waigat, and at the head of it there is a discharging glacier, whence icebergs break off and float down the Waigat into Davies Strait. Opposite to Disco, on the Noursoak Peninsula, is the fossil-bearing cliff of Atanekrdluk.

On both sides of the Waigat there is a miocene formation, consisting of shale and sandstone with numerous impressions of fossil plants, and horizontal strata of coal. A cap of basalt, due to subsequent volcanic action, overlies the miocene rocks, and forms the upper part of the cliffs. The whole section is shown on the cliff rising from the seashore at Rittenbenks Kolbrott on the north coast of Disco, but the greatest number of fossil plants has been found at Atanekrdluk on the opposite side of the Waigat, where a steep hill rises to 1,080 feet. The rock in which the fossils are generally found is a sparry iron ore, turning reddish brown on exposure to the weather.

Collections of fossils were made by Captain Inglefield, Dr. Rink, Baron Nordenskiöld, and others. These collections were entrusted to Professor Oswald Heer, who in 1868 startled the scientific world by the announcement that there was a rich sub-tropical forest in Greenland in Tertiary times.

It was not until July 1875 that I visited this interesting locality, when I was on board H.M.S. *Valorous*, coaling from the seams at the Rittenbenks Kolbrott. The famous fossil-cliff at Atanekrdluk, on the other side of the Waigat, was a point of the greatest interest, and on July 18, at 1.30 P.M., we started in a sailing cutter to visit it. The wind was foul, and it took us upwards of five hours, beating up amidst numerous icebergs and loose berg pieces, before we reached the harbor



of Atanekerdluk. The hills rise abruptly to a height of 3,000 feet, ending in sharp basaltic peaks and serrated ridges. I visited the lower part of the section described by former collectors. The fossil strata are of ferruginous clay, 1,200 feet above the sea. I crossed a sandy isthmus which forms the harbor, and first came upon a mass of bright purple flowers (*Epilobium alpinum*), then ascending a ravine for about four hundred feet. From this point I was able to study Nordekild's section—shales, with thin sand-beds, and coal-seams, the whole crossed by vast dykes of eruptive rock which are weathered out into distinct walls on either side of the ravine, or occasionally into conical pillars. One of these pillars is called "Rink's Obelisk," after the well-known Danish author.

It came on to blow hard with rain, and threatening dark clouds were banking up across the Disco mountains. The scene was indescribably wild and grand. A perfect army of icebergs was drifting down the Waigat, some of them of great height, peering up through the wild scud and mist, while overhead a gleam of sun, now and again, brought out a peak of the Disco range in bright relief, amidst the dark clouds. We hurried down to the beach and found the boat's crew cooking with the boat's stove under the lee of a spare sail. But it was time to be off, and the wind carried the boat swiftly out of the harbor with only the squared oars. Then we hoisted a close-reefed foresail, and scudded before the squalls at a furious pace, the boat breasting and dashing through the waves, while the white spray curled around us and flew from the bows. The spray also dashed wildly over the icebergs which were drifting down the Waigat rapidly, calves crashing off them with loud reports. It was no easy task to steer clear of these bergs, so thickly were they crowded together, and once

a shift of wind, in a squall, took us aback, but there was plenty of way on, which saved the boat. It was a wild and somewhat dangerous passage, and we did not get back to the ship until 11 P.M.

This personal experience is given, in order to present a sketch of Atanekerdluk and its surroundings at the present time. Now let us look back over the ages, and, under the guidance of Professor Heer, let us see what would be the conditions, in the same locality, during the miocene age.

The climate was at least 30° warmer, for some of the plants that were discovered will not ripen their fruit at a lower temperature than 65° Fahr. The country was covered with a magnificent forest. Oak, beech, and elm trees spread their branches over an undergrowth of ferns and mosses. There, too, were birch trees and chestnuts, planes, and poplars, seven species of pines, five trees of the fig tribe, cassias, two kinds of cycas, walnut trees and junipers, six kinds of *viburnum* (Guelder rose), three of *myrsine*, willows, and many ferns and mosses. There were also two kinds of *cinnamomum*, eleven leguminous trees, and magnolias. There were twelve species of *sequoias*, the most representative, the *Sequoia Langsdorffi* requiring a semi-tropical climate.

Such a glorious forest, for the beauty and wonderful variety of its vegetation, is unrivalled by anything in the world we now inhabit. In its vast extent it is also without a rival. The very same miocene forest has been discovered in Spitzbergen, limes, junipers, and poplars growing as far north as 78° 36'. From still further north, in 81° 45' N., Colonel Fellden brought from the coal-beds discovered there the evidence that a miocene forest once flourished, consisting of ten species of conifers, elm and birch trees, poplars, cypress, and willows.

The assumption is justified that all

the Arctic continent up to the pole, if there was land there, was once covered by this splendid miocene forest. The distribution of land and water was very different in miocene times, when there must have been an extensive polar continent, clothed with forest. The winter darkness in the far north is not a great difficulty, for it is a mistake to suppose that there is darkness during the whole period of the sun's absence. The warmth is not so easy to explain; though its existence is made certain by the presence of sub-tropical vegetation.

In a very remarkable book called "Paradise Found," by William F. Warren, published at Boston in 1885, it is contended that the pole was not only the mother region of all plants, but also of all animals. Thoughtful men have looked to the regions round the poles as the direction whence vegetable and animal life have spread themselves over the world. This gives a general and not only a local interest to the study of the polar regions in geological times, when they were under the influence of a tropical or a sub-tropical climate. For we must recognize that it is to the polar regions that we must turn for the explanation of many important problems which cannot be solved without the aid of polar discoveries.

The story of the north polar miocene forests has been revealed to us in considerable detail by Professor Oswald Heer. It gives rise to many speculations; but above all it must impress every thinking mind with the importance of making similar discoveries in the Antarctic regions. They must tell the same story. Captain Scott dis-

The Cornhill Magazine.

covered a long range of lofty mountains in the far south, composed of sandstone capped by basalt, like the island of Disco. The furthest southern peaks, in 82° to 83°, were 12,000 feet high, so that there was no symptom of any termination of the range. It probably extends over the pole. One vegetable fossil was found, but so injured by contact with a flow of basalt that it could not be identified. Still it points to the probability that further investigations would be rewarded. Dr. Blanford has recorded an opinion that sedimentary rocks, containing remains of plants and vertebrate animals, may be largely developed in the Antarctic continent. He holds that the Permo-Carboniferous or *Glossopteris* flora came from the far south, travelled north, and replaced the older *Sigillaria* flora. Be this so or not, there can be no doubt that problems of world-wide interest await solution in the Antarctic regions. Deductions, from various points of view, all lead to the conclusion that, in the Miocene Tertiary period, and later, Antarctica was a warm region quite iceless, and with an iceless sea. The south pole may be supposed to have performed the same function in the distribution of vegetable and animal life over the southern hemisphere as the north pole is believed to have done over the northern hemisphere. Hence the paramount importance of continuing researches in the far south.

Not only is the interest of the history of the polar regions enhanced, but problems of world-wide importance may be solved by the study of periods when tropical and sub-tropical climates prevailed in the polar regions.

Clements R. Markham.

## THE DEAN'S DILEMMA.

The Dean of Tilchester Cathedral sat in his cosy study, surrounded by shelves laden with the books he loved. He was engaged on the draft of one of those sermons in which orthodox truths were cleverly intermixed with much criticism—pointed satirical criticism—of both local and national evils.

These "social sermons" of the Dean were making him famous. Regarding certain national questions he had occasionally "said things" which had been deemed worthy of headlines in the morning papers, but his strictures on certain local and parochial affairs had in some cases been warmly resented. A plain man might have thought the Dean to be rather meddlesome and at this particular time there is no denying that the youths at Tilchester College, of which the Dean was chaplain, and other young men in the town were feeling rather sore about his criticisms. Nevertheless, they loved the Dean, for he possessed certain sportsman-like qualities which made him in most things one of themselves.

He was alone and quiet, for the hour was very late—how late he had not troubled to find out, for he was deep in his work. As his big body bent over the desk, on which a steady light was thrown by a shaded reading-lamp, he looked much older than his fifty years. His hair was gray and his clean-shaven face had many thoughtful lines.

Suddenly he ceased writing, laid his pen down, and sat upright. Faintly he heard the sound of some one stirring in the next room. There was the click of a lock and a light but perceptible footfall. The next apartment was the dining-room, and in the ordinary way no one would be there at that late hour. The household, he knew, had retired to rest some time ago. He sat for a moment and wondered who the intruder might be.

The Dean, though a man of peace, did not lack physical courage. He rose deliberately from his chair, took the lamp in his hand, and threw open the study door. The hall was in darkness, but the Dean became conscious that in the darkness there was something which moved. He turned his lamp round quickly, and saw in the yellow glare of the light a man wearing the broad-arrow uniform of a convict—a young man with a thin, pale face, and eyes which seemed to reflect more sorrow than ferocity.

The Dean started, and then a smile crept to his lips—an inscrutable smile which would have told the convict nothing even if he had seen it. "You have escaped from the jail," the Dean said. "You have—er—burglariously entered my house seeking to find food and clothes and anything else. A veritable thief in the night. Isn't that so?"

The man's voice was hoarse. "Only food and clothes," he murmured; "but ——" He paused and looked around.

"Come in here," said the Dean, seized with a sudden inspiration.

"Perhaps," said the man, "if you will let me go I'll make no trouble."

The Dean drew himself up, fiercely restraining a desire to laugh. "No, no—I insist," he said. He stepped back, still holding the lamp aloft, and the man, after a quick, nervous glance to right and left, followed him. "Sit down." The Dean succeeded in making his voice firm.

Again there was a nervous hesitation on the part of the convict; but he did as he was told, sinking into the Dean's easy-chair with the air of a tired man. "I don't know what you intend to do," he said; "but I have taken none of your property. Give me some refreshment, and, if you will, let me go out into the night again. I ask you not to give me up, but I—I expect you will. Give me

something to eat, and if you will you can then call for assistance." Having spoken, the man closed his eyes with the air of a man who is a stranger to sleep.

The Dean took a box of biscuits from a sideboard. "Eat some of these," he said, "and if you will promise not to move I will fetch you something more appetizing."

The man nodded readily and helped himself to a biscuit.

As the Dean left the room his smile came perilously near to a chuckle. In a few seconds he returned with a cold chicken, some bread, and a bottle of wine.

The man murmured his thanks, and attacked the food with an amount of vigor which even the Dean found astonishing. Meanwhile the latter made himself busy with a corkscrew.

"Admirable!" he said to himself. He sat down and drew from his pocket a crumpled note which had been delivered the previous day. As he read he nodded and smiled, and occasionally he turned one twinkling eye upon his visitor, who seemed to recognize that he was in the hands of a superior force.

"What is the time?" asked the man presently, pushing away the plate from which he had partaken of a substantial meal.

"I'm afraid it is late," answered the Dean, consulting his watch. "A quarter past two, to be precise. I have a weakness for late hours."

"To which weakness, coupled with more admirable qualities, I owe my excellent supper," said the man with a calmness which was remarkable.

The Dean coughed. "I'm afraid," he said, replacing the letter in his pocket, "I'm not quite so disinterested as I seem."

The man gave him a quick glance. "Ah! you have telephoned to the police, then?"

"No, no." The Dean extended his hands. "You quite misunderstand me. I haven't a telephone in the house, and to call a servant would—er—rather interfere with the carrying out of my object."

The strange visitor stared at his host. He also glanced at the door. It was locked.

The Dean observed him closely. "Yes," he said, "I have ventured to lock the door for the sake of privacy; also, to discourage any desire on your part for an immediate departure. I do not think you are quite yourself to-night, and you might be rash enough to run out into the night again. With those clothes you are wearing you might excite some serious misunderstanding in the breasts of ordinarily peaceful citizens."

The man stirred uneasily. "Pray tell me your little—your object in befriending me so far. Unless I misjudge you, sir, you are not the man to delight in torturing a fellow-creature; least of all when that fellow-creature happens to be a hunted convict, innocent of the offence for which he was convicted."

Again a ghost of a smile played round the features of the Dean. He found the phrase a "hunted convict" singing in his ears. "Not at all," he said; "but am I wrong in presuming you to be an educated man?"

"In that you are correct," was the reply.

There was something in the man's manner of speaking which appealed to the Dean. "He is really admirable," he murmured to himself. To the man in the chair he said, "Your being an educated man may help you to appreciate, even though your views have been somewhat narrowed recently"—he dwelt fondly on the words—"what is in my mind. You may possibly have heard of me. I am the Dean of Titchester Cathedral."

The man nodded politely, but his eyes retained that curious expression of mingled sorrow and indifference which so interested the Dean.

"As the Dean of Tilchester," went on the reverend gentleman, "I am brought into touch with all sorts of people. Please don't think I am saying anything personal now. Some of my duties are not pleasant, but you will understand they are duties and therefore not to be disregarded. I make a point of knowing all my congregation personally, or as many as I can get to know; and recently, as even you may have heard, I have been preaching a series of sermons and giving lectures—portions of which have been reported in the newspapers—designed to throw light not only on burning social questions, but on some of the lesser weaknesses of mankind. These sermons have brought some popularity in certain quarters; in other quarters they have, I fancy, made me rather notorious. In my own district here they have given rise to a good deal of talk. I don't wish to weary you, but I desire to make my position quite clear. Please understand that I always endeavor to act conscientiously."

The man in the chair nodded wearily. He also looked at the door and the window. The Dean pretended not to notice.

"As an instance of my thoroughness—I always pride myself on doing things thoroughly," continued the speaker, smiling inscrutably—"I may mention that the male youth of this district (I must confess they are a somewhat turbulent youth, given at times to wild talk and even wilder doings) have recently taken exception to some of my—or—criticisms on a questionable form of entertainment which they have thought fit to indulge in. I am referring to private theatricals. Private theatricals, I agree, may serve a very good purpose; but when they are given

over to pandering to the crudest sensationalism—the kind of stuff errand-boys delight in—I am opposed to them. As all these young men are really very good at heart, it has pained me that they should seek to ape villains and scoundrels. In fact, I said it would be impossible for them to achieve any success in this line; but, such is the perversity of human nature, this particular criticism has hurt them more than anything else. But I merely mention this in passing."

The man did not move. He sat with his gaze fixed on the Dean's bookcase, evidently listening intently.

With twitching lips the Dean proceeded: "So much to explain some of my difficulties. Now I will come to the point. When you arrived here—I think it was by the dining-room window you elected to come—I was engaged on one of my social sermons. I was dealing with the case of a man who might be down in the world—such as you are—but yet who was not wholly insensible to good influences, as I trust you are not. It occurred to me that you might be able to give me some valuable assistance. Pardon me if I say that I look upon you as a valuable human document, as one who is fallen but not lost."

A wave of color swept over the man's face. As the Dean observed it, the ghost of a smile once more played round his lips.

The convict moved uneasily. "What is it you want?" he asked.

"Just this," said the Dean. "Tell me briefly whether, in your heart, you, who know much of crime, do not think I have acted rightly in making this stand against the popularizing of crime, even if I have employed gentle sarcasm which may have wounded some vain youths who think—who think they can emulate those steeped in crime."

For the moment the man looked per-



plexed. "What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"That will depend on the frankness of your answer," said the Dean.

The man held up his hand. "You may take it from me, sir, as my firm opinion," he said in his low, weak voice, "that you are doing quite right, and that these young fellows are fools if they don't appreciate what a jolly good parson they happen to have. I have met a good many parsons, but"—with a look at the empty bottle—"never one like you before."

The Dean smiled. "He is really excellent," he murmured to himself. "Do you," he asked, "mind writing those words as a—a memento of your visit? Of course, in the circumstances, I should not ask you to sign your name."

The man hesitated, and then took the pen and paper handed to him and wrote what amounted to a testimonial for the Dean.

The Dean read the paper and carefully folded it. "Thank you," he said. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"I—I feel I have been dreaming," said the man, possibly influenced by the Dean's burgundy; "but if you are playing it straight I should ask for a change and safe opportunity of wishing you 'good-morning.'"

"You shall have both," said the Dean. "Pardon me one moment."

As he left the room—the door of which he left wide open—the Dean murmured to himself, "Admirable!" nor did he try to keep back the smile then. It occurred to him that the man had readily adapted himself to circumstances. If he had been familiar with the stage, as he was not, he would have said the man had "taken every cue."

Left alone, the man looked around in a manner which betokened bewilderment. What he said to himself was, "Well, I'm blessed! He's as mad as a hatter."

The Dean returned promptly. "These are all I can lay hands on," he said, producing a very old clerical suit, a pair of boots, collar (which fastened at the back) and a round felt hat. "I think the—er—disguise will be perfect." Again the Dean smiled, but it was hardly the smile of a good Samaritan. He had an entertaining vision of his visitor dressed in that rusty suit being compelled to walk in the light of day (for the dawn had broken) through the streets of Tilchester.

But if the man had any qualms on that point he concealed them. Indeed, he rather astonished the Dean by his ready and grateful acceptance of the clothes. With the round felt hat he appeared particularly pleased. Like a methodical person he proceeded to make a bundle of his prison clothes.

"I will see that they are locked up somewhere," said the Dean.

"Better destroy them," remarked the man.

"Perhaps so," said the Dean, looking vastly amused. "At any rate, you will not be able to take them with you."

The strange guest agreed, and was escorted to the front door by the Dean, who remarked, "As a rule I don't think I am credited with a sense of humor."

For the first time the man grinned. "You have more than that," he said, and strode down the path with a smart, firm step.

"He keeps it up admirably," said the Dean, watching his movements.

Then he went back to his study and laughed—laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. "I really believe he thought he took me in," he muttered; "but forewarned is forearmed. With these things"—he fondly tapped the testimonial and the discarded clothes—"in my possession I don't think he will appreciate the joke. It was really good of Arthur to let me know."

He again took the letter from his pocket and re-read it musingly:

*Tilchester College.*

*Dear Uncle,*—Just a line about those theatricals. As you know, the fellows do not take your criticism at all kindly, and they are determined to play *The Hunted Convict* with realistic effects. We have a fellow down from London named Murray—he is a first-rate amateur actor, and belongs to a Tilchester family—and he is to take the part of the convict. What I want to say, however, is this: in consequence of your remarks about their abilities, they are arranging a rather bad practical joke—namely, Murray, dressed in prison clothes, is going to get into your house and ask for assistance as an escaped convict. The other fellows are to be about in case anything goes wrong. There is a wager on, and if Murray gets through all right he will make a bit. (Excuse my slang.) I have only just heard of this, as the fellows did not like to let me into the secret. I really think it is going too far, as a chap dressed as a convict might give Aunt Mary a bad fright.

Your affectionate nephew,

*Arthur Lawson.*

The Dean of Tilchester went to bed with a happy smile on his face, and even forgot to dream.

When he put in an appearance at the breakfast-table he did not look like a man who had been keeping late hours. The thought that he had got even, in his own way, with some of the turbulent youths of Tilchester, who were content to take learning but not moral guidance from him, was a source of great satisfaction.

As his wife was in delicate health the Dean breakfasted alone, and relieved the solitude of his meal by an occasional laugh. Over his second cup of coffee he read his letters, as was his custom. He saw that one was in his nephew's handwriting, and he turned to it with an amused smile.

But the smile disappeared as he read. The letter ran:

*Tilchester College.*

*Dear Uncle,*—A few words to say that you need have no fears about the proposed joke. The presenting of *The Hunted Convict* has been abandoned, as Murray sprained his ankle rather badly a few days ago. As soon as he is well he will have to return to London, where he is due for an examination, so there will be no opportunities for rehearsal. None of the other fellows are equal to the part.

Your affectionate nephew,

*Arthur Lawson.*

The letter dropped from the hand of the Dean on to the carpet. An ashen color stole over his face, and he had a feeling of being suddenly unwell.

Mechanically he put out his hand and grasped the fatal letter again and quite convinced himself that he was not dreaming. Not a joke after all! What had he done?

He rose unsteadily and walked to the door. Reason prompted him to go to the study and make sure that the much-valued mementoes of the midnight drama were safe under lock and key. He fully realized that on any occasion of this sort great presence of mind was required.

In the hall he encountered a maid. Noticing an unusual pallor about his cheeks, she inquired whether she could bring him anything.

"Bridget," he faltered, "I am going into the study to—to work. I don't wish to be disturbed on any account."

Later in the morning the first edition of the evening paper was laid on the Dean's table. His hands shook as he picked it up. On the front page, in glaring type, he read:

*Daring escape of a convict from Tilchester Jail.*

There followed some meagre details of a warder being surprised and a bunch of keys taken from him. There

was also a personal description of the convict in question, who, it seemed, had been sentenced under the name of Thomas Brown to a long term of imprisonment for forgery. The Dean found that the description was painfully accurate.

During those days in which the hue and cry continued the Dean suffered great mental agony. That part of him which was a law-abiding citizen and a clergyman came into violent con-

Chambers's Journal.

flict with the more human part. He was in a terrible dilemma as to what, in the circumstances, he ought to do. His ultimate decision to do nothing except take a much-needed holiday was confirmed through the agency of the postman. One morning he received a parcel containing an old suit of clergyman's clothes and an unsigned letter bearing a foreign postmark, in which he was warmly thanked for his timely assistance to a gentleman in distress.

*Edward John Prior.*

### THE RUSSIAN HORIZON.

If this epoch goes down to history, as it assuredly will, as a period of criminal waste in all departments of life, modern Russia will be held up as an example of this waste in its extreme and most abominable form. For, in addition to that squandering of human material which is involved in the economic conditions under which all civilized nations now live, Russia has to endure the wanton destruction which is the necessary accompaniment of a great political and social upheaval. The endless procession of over-crowded trains bearing away to the great rubbish-heap of Siberia the best blood, brain and spirit of the nation; the great founding hospital of Moscow which is said to deposit annually thousands of victims in the river that runs beneath its walls; the countless numbers of famishing or homeless peasants; the burning villages and the burning chateaux; the periodical outbursts of blood-lust and religious fanaticism, egged on by political intrigue, directed against the unfortunate children of Israel, the despised; the very advocates of law and brotherhood arming themselves with the most deadly instruments of destruction and seeking to establish their new social order by

blowing their opponents to pieces—what are all these but indications of colossal waste, waste of life, of wealth, of intellect, of every material out of which alone the future can be built? Were a normal state of affairs to be re-established in Russia to-morrow, she would still take years to recover from the enormous weight of debt which her extravagant administrators have heaped up with reckless improvidence; and in other and more vital matters than finance, how soon would she recover? Perhaps not for generations. But, alas! to-morrow will see no establishment of normal conditions.

Yet the so-called Russian Government upon which rests the entire responsibility of this anarchical state of affairs, seems at the present moment to be in a stronger position than it has been for many years past. To the surprise of every one the double-headed eagle has emerged from the great storm-cloud of 1905 with wings stronger and beaks sharper than ever. In the hour of distress a few concessions were wrung from the Tsar, but though he followed the constitutional tack for a while, he is now busy reefing his canvas. The Duma still exists, but without its *raison d'être*, for it no longer represents

the people. Stolypin, the astute "pacificator," has managed to coop the lion within the cage of autocracy, and if it still occasionally growls, out comes the whip followed by submission and "pardon." Meanwhile the members of the last Duma are being prosecuted for expressing the sentiments of their constituents, which is what they were elected to do. Legal trial, however, is at best an expensive, laborious and risky way of going to work, and one only necessary in the case of those who have somehow attracted the attention of Europe. For the obscurer and more extreme sections of the army of liberty there is the summary and effective "administrative order," which has already filled the prisons of Russia to overflowing. So much for the imperial guarantees of liberty of speech and liberty of person. The liberty of the press is best exemplified by the fact that so many papers have been suppressed within the past year in Russia that one of the three largest paper mills in Finland has just been forced to close down in consequence, turning loose some thousand employees. The Tsar has violated his promises, but what of that? To the bureaucratic mind a promise is for use, not for fulfilment.

Truly, as far as appearances go, reaction has laid its dead hand upon every promise of progress, every hope for the future. This is well brought out by the altered tone of that small talk of society which always responds so rapidly to any change in the political atmosphere. Two years ago it was possible for a lady to remark to the assembled company in a St. Petersburg drawing-room that her belief was that nothing would come of all this pother until the whole imperial family had been blown into space. The following story shows how far the pendulum has since swung to the right. The mother of a friend of mine who owns an estate in the neighborhood of

Moscow was present at a large dinner-party. Politics in Russia are too vital to be held back as a topic of conversation until the ladies have fled from the reek of the masculine cigar, and the subject of terrorism was soon being discussed in general by the whole assembly of thirty to forty guests. How was the movement to be stamped out? was the problem, and the solution which seemed to meet the approbation of the majority was that for every police officer killed five political prisoners should be hanged, for every superior officer ten, and for every governor twenty. This point having been satisfactorily settled, the conversation turned to the peasant question. My friend's mother finding herself apparently the only person in the room with the slightest suspicion of liberal ideas, had kept a judicious silence up to this point, but now her neighbor, the governor of the province, turned to her and remarked, "Baroness —, don't you ever have disturbances among the peasants on your property?" "Oh yes, occasionally," she replied. "In that case," returned the governor impressively, "there is but one thing to be done. Send for me at once and I will come and burn a few villages for you." "Surely that would do little good," she remarked; "the poor things would only murder me in my bed on the first opportunity." Such simplicity of outlook seemed half to amuse, half to irritate the worthy governor. "I assure you," he added, as if closing the topic, "you are quite mistaken; the course I propose is an unfailing remedy. I have myself tried it upon several occasions, and it has always answered admirably."

Such are the sentiments of the rulers of Russia at the beginning of the year of our Lord 1908. It would be easy to throw more detail into the picture of this long-suffering and oppressed country, to tell a hundred tales of shame and horror which would scarcely bear

the printing, and would scarcely find credence if printed; to throw light, for example, upon the plight of the brave, wretched women who have cheerfully risked life and the honor which is more than life in the cause of liberty, women for the most part of great refinement and intelligence, thousands of whom are lying at this moment rotting, ten to a tiny cell, in the great prisons of Russia. But it has all been told before. The inhabitants of happier countries find it impossible to *realize* the lot of their Russian brothers; for a tale however long and however oft repeated is but a tale after all. Moreover, after a time it becomes wearisome, like the moaning of the wind in the darkness outside a house full of light and comfort.

Let us turn and consider the situation, not from the point of view of present misery, but from that of hope for the future. Let us lift our eyes from the squalor, degradation and suffering at our feet, and search the horizon for some faint glow, however insignificant, of the dawn. It should be borne in mind that the Duma, which has attracted, as those who first convoked it intended, so much attention in parliamentary countries, has never been, in the opinion of a large proportion of the population, of any importance whatsoever. The lack of interest shown by the people in the various elections has been taken as a sign of the political incapacity of the race. Not a bit of it. As most of the electorate realized from the outset, the Duma was never meant to be a stepping-stone towards constitutional government. It was a toy which the Russian Government found it convenient to flourish before the eyes of the European onlookers to keep them happy while it went on with its work of stamping out all real signs of constitutional growth. As a matter of fact no political institutions, however well advertised, can be

of the slightest use to Russia while the theory of autocracy still remains supreme. The Duma has been of double service to the Government. It has enabled them to float loans, while it has brought to the fore the most enlightened and determined spirits in the country, who can now be conveniently despatched to Siberia. But it has not brought the country one step nearer to the solution of its problems. The lawyers and professors who form the "Cadet" party have made an honest attempt to apply their reading of history and their knowledge of constitutional law to their own country, and to use the Duma as the thin end of the wedge of constitutionalism, to be driven by gentle and almost imperceptible taps into the heart of autocracy. But the cancer from which Russia suffers cannot be cured by homœopathic treatment; it needs the surgeon with his knife. The "Cadets" have failed, and their failure, which is one cause of the present depression, has proved that the revolutionaries have been right from the very beginning; nothing can be done to improve matters until autocracy and all it symbolizes has been destroyed root and branch.

What then are the revolutionaries doing? At first sight their condition seems hardly more promising, and far more uncomfortable than that of the "Cadets." It is difficult to obtain exact information in these matters, but there appears to have been an enormous number of arrests made recently among the revolutionaries, which is a sign of weakness and lack of confidence, if not of secret treachery, in the ranks. Many of Stolypin's recent catches have been men and women of great importance, among whom may be mentioned that noble veteran Nicholas Tchaykovsky, the father of the revolution. Yet, in spite of all this, the revolutionary work is going forward. The events of 1905 marked a turning point in the his-



tory of the revolution. Previously propaganda had been carried on chiefly among the town workers, but the failure of the great strike and of the Moscow rising proved that the proletariat were not capable of carrying on the fight single-handed against the forces of autocracy. The realization of this tended to take the lead of affairs out of the hands of the Social Democrats and put it into those of the Social Revolutionaries. The Social Democratic doctrine that salvation cometh from the proletariat alone was disproved by facts, and the Social Revolutionaries who had always insisted on the importance of the peasantry have, during the past two years, come more and more to the fore, the more intelligent among the Social Democrats having joined their ranks. The task this party sets before it is that of converting the peasantry and the army.

The success of this propaganda work has exceeded the hopes of those who initiated it. Since the dissolution of the first Duma, the peasants have for the most part lost their last vestige of faith in the Tsar, and openly curse him in the roughest terms. In many places they are almost masters of the situation. In the summer of 1906 a number of villages sent in demands to the landlords for a reduction of their rent to a quarter of its previous amount, and the majority of the demands were granted. In the Volga district indeed peasants are dictating not merely to the landlords but also to the officials.

An even more significant sign of the times is the increasing quantity of outlaw bands who rove the country. Some of these no doubt are recruited from the criminal section of the community, who are ever ready to turn the weakness of the executive to their own purpose. But on the other hand it must be urged that the very existence of a large criminal class is a sign of the dissolution of society, and, fur-

ther, that the majority of these outlaws have been forced to become so by circumstances. Their ranks are filled from many sources. First, there are the deserters from the army, the numbers of which may be gauged by the fact that a few months ago four hundred of them met together at Baku and began laying down the law to the neighborhood by issuing proclamations. Then there are the ever-increasing number of the unemployed, created by the dislocation of industries and the burning villages, and these take to robbery to earn their daily bread. Hundreds of peasants also, who have been persecuted by the police and driven from their homes for suspected revolutionary opinions, go to swell the ranks of this desperate and anti-bureaucratic element, which has nothing to lose and everything to gain by a revolution.

One of the most famous of these outlaw bands is that known as the "woodland brothers," which dwells in the Ural mountains. Its captain is one Lbov, a huge peasant who has been a worker in a Government gun factory, and an artilleryman in the Japanese war. He took part in the troubles of the winter of 1905-6, was marked down by the police because of his size, and was forced to flee to the mountains. Soon other fugitives and discontents began to gather round him, and commenced to organize attacks upon the police, and to "expropriate" Government money. The people of the neighborhood had repeatedly petitioned against the Government drink-shops which exercise so demoralizing an influence throughout Russia. Lbov makes these drink-shops an especial object of his attack, and is said to have almost rid the district of them. The "woodland brothers" dispersed for the winter, but the spring will doubtless see them in action again. A similar band at Vletka, in the south of Russia, occu-

ples itself in expelling obnoxious officials and landlords from the neighborhood. In certain other localities the peasants are clamoring to the revolutionaries for arms, while incendiarism is rampant all over the country, and more especially in the province of Kherson. Scarcely a day passes but some manor is burnt to the ground. The landlords combine and send large sums of money to the Government, with prayers for the assistance of Cossacks, but this is an expensive business, and, moreover, the Cossacks very soon begin to fraternize with the people they are hired to suppress. All this goes to show that the country population is already stirring itself. The immovable moujik is moving. The people are already taking matters into their own hands and discovering methods of combating the Government. While Stolypin is congratulating himself in Petersburg over the triumph of reaction, the type of warfare just indicated is daily on the increase, and will in the future become a recognized institution. And the present state of Russia is such that one must welcome this chaos as the first step towards a new cosmos.

Further, where the peasant leads the army must follow, for the army is only a proportion of the peasantry under arms. Every year some 250,000 new recruits are enlisted, which means that a third of the army is always new blood, and as time goes on this new blood is more and more revolutionary. Of the enlistment which took place last autumn I do not possess any figures, but that of November 1906 was a perfect fiasco as far as the north-west provinces of the empire were concerned. Only fifty per cent. of those upon whom the lot fell put in an appearance, and those who did made no secret of their revolutionary intentions, even going to the length of singing the Marseillaise within earshot of the offi-

cers. There can be no doubt that a vast proportion of the Russian military are at this moment heart and soul with the revolution, but, and this is the important point, they have no leaders. The officers are almost to a man reactionary, owing to the training they get in the military schools. In the early days of the movement things were different, and many an officer was numbered among the adherents of progress. But under Alexander III a new type of military school was established, with a curriculum from which all science, or anything else of an enlightening nature, was carefully excluded. The typical Russian officer of to-day is superficially a charming person. His manners are perfect, and since he invariably speaks several languages fluently, he strikes you, especially if you happen to be an Englishman, as a very accomplished person. Yet he is, if you come to know him better, the most ignorant and often the most brutal of mortals. He can write none of the languages he has picked up as a child from foreign governesses, often indeed he cannot write his own language correctly, while his charm of manner only serves to conceal a barbarism which finds its chief delight in self-indulgence and cruelty. It is the officer who is the chief obstacle to the revolutionary movement at the present moment. The failure of such mutinies as those of Sveaborg and Kronstadt and of many others in the interior, of which the outside world is ignorant, is due to the lack of officers among the revolutionary forces. But the revolutionaries do not despair of converting even the officer. Already some of the youngest have been infected with revolutionary ideas, while others are beginning to recoil in sheer disgust from the foul work of oppression which their duties entail.

It is still night with us, a night of

horrors, of evil dreams and evil purposes, a night in which men grope for each other's throats and grapple and stab in the dark. Nor can any one tell how many hours have yet to run before the dawn. It will and must come—that is sufficient for the struggler for freedom, he is content to go on fighting in the certainty that his children or his children's children will see the day at last. But what is this day for which the best of Russia hopes and suffers? What will the dawn, for signs of whose approach we have searched the horizon, reveal to the astonished gaze of man? A second bourgeois France? A United States of Russia, in which the doctrine of liberty is made a cloak for a shameless exploitation of humanity and a nauseating scramble for gold? If he believed that the destruction of autocracy would bring about such results, no revolutionary would lift another finger to aid in the work. No.

*The Albany Review.*

the day that must eventually dawn over the mighty plains of Russia will be a day such as the world has not yet seen. Only something new and something great can be brought forth after such birth-throes as Russia is now enduring. It would be idle to speculate as to the exact form of polity which she will in the end work out for herself. But of one thing there can be no manner of doubt. In some way or other it will be what we now call socialistic, that is, it will be a society and not a mere heap of writhing, struggling individuals. In fact, the "Russian Revolution" is no mere isolated phenomenon. It is simply the most desperate battle-field of that world-wide war which has been declared upon the existing principles of human government by all those who regard our present manner of life as detestable and degrading, and wish to "remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

*Wildor Johnson.*

## PROPOSED ALTERATION IN THE CALENDAR.

The last great alteration in the calendar was that which was known as the Gregorian Reformation. It was promulgated in 1582, and at once accepted in all countries which were under the Roman obedience in ecclesiastical matters, but only gradually adopted by those belonging to the Reformed Western Church (which are all usually called Protestant, though that term strictly pertains to the Lutherans only), whilst the Eastern Church adheres still to the old Julian style.

Now it is often forgotten that the change then made was two-fold, the two parts having really no reference to each other, and the assertion frequently made that the Gregorian calendar was constructed, or nearly so, to agree with the astronomical length of the year, applies to only one of these changes, the

other, which made a violent hiatus in the succession of days, being effected with a totally different object. For if the year were to be assigned its true length and not the  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days decreed by Julius Caesar, it would at first sight have seemed most natural to choose a convenient epoch, such as the end of a century, and simply arrange the omission of a leap-year at certain stated times from that. (Here we may parenthetically remark that a regulation to drop a leap-year at the end of each 132nd year would have been more accurate, and quite as simple as that actually adopted.) But it was also thought necessary to bring back the vernal equinox to the date it occupied, not at the Christian era, but at the time of the Council of Nicæa in the fourth century. Hence ten days were

omitted from the current sequence, and when England came into line with other western countries, eleven days were omitted in 1752. This, of course, makes great care necessary in comparing events as given in English and Continental narratives between 1582 and 1752.

The change now proposed, and recently brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Pearce, is of a much more drastic kind. It is not a reformation of the Gregorian calendar as regards the length of the year (and a small change of the rule, as already mentioned, would improve its accuracy at long intervals), but a proposal to alter the succession of the days of the week and of the month to secure a degree of symmetry in their correspondence, and an equality in the four quarters of the year. Thus the first of January and the leap-year day, which, however, is to be, not in February, but in June, have each to be considered in every respect a *dies non*; if either falls on a Sunday, not that day, but the next is to be reckoned as Sunday, which, of course, would occasionally throw Sunday one day, or even two days, ahead of its place in the sequence of seven days.

Now it may safely be affirmed that, not only for its practical inconvenience and disturbance of the uniformity and continuity which are so desirable in a calendar, but for other reasons also, even more weighty, this alteration can never be accepted in Christian countries, nor could it commend itself if we began *de novo*.

As regards the days of the month, the case is different. The existing arrangement was a perversion of that decreed by Julius Cæsar. He ordained that the year should begin with January, the 1st being the day of new moon nearest the winter solstice when the change was made, and that that month should have thirty-one days and

each alternate month afterwards, the rest to have thirty, excepting February, which should have twenty-nine days in common years and thirty days in leap-years, to fall *every* fourth year. In the reign of Augustus, who looked upon August as his special month, though it was not that of his birth, the convenient and easily to be remembered arrangement of Julius was altered in order that August might have as many days as July. By the earlier arrangement the days of the successive months were 31, 29 (or 30), 31, 30, 31, 30, 31, 30, 31, 30; by the later (now followed), 31, 28 (or 29), 31, 30, 31, 30, 31, 31, 30, 31, 30, 31.

No doubt Cæsar placed the leap-day in February because that had been the last month of the year in the old Roman calendar. There would be no harm, if we were starting afresh, in placing it in June as proposed by Mr. Pearce; but it would injure continuity (always a desirable thing in itself) and not attain his object unless the day, as well as New Year's Day were made a *dies non*, both in the week and in the month. Neither of these would be convenient; the first is, for other reasons also, inadmissible.

On one point we agree with Mr. Pearce, and that is as regards the incidence of Easter. There is a common, but false, impression that the existing cumbrous arrangement has the authority of the Council of Nicæa. All that that council decreed was, in opposition to the so-called Quartodecimans, that Easter should always be kept on a Sunday; the particular Sunday was regulated by various cycles, the Metonic being usually followed, and the present rule was initiated by the advisers of Pope Gregory XIII., the English Prayer-Book rule arriving at the same end, when our calendar was reformed, by a slightly different process. It has not secured uniformity in Christendom

because the Eastern church still follows the Julian calendar, and therefore its Easter is usually different from ours. A rule to keep Easter on the second Sunday in April (when the first Easter in all probability fell) would be very convenient, but it is an ecclesiastical Nature.

astical question, and the alteration should be the act of the whole church. To make it always on the same day of the month, as well as week, as Mr. Pearce proposes, could not be done without accepting his other drastic and inadmissible proposals.

W. T. L.

### THE LATE PRIME MINISTER AND HOME RULE.

I was, I believe, the very last Member of Parliament to speak to "C.B." within the precincts of the House of Commons, and I shall never forget this interview.

It was Wednesday, the 12th of February. As Prime Minister he had made a speech of considerable length in the forenoon, proposing a resolution for the closure of the discussion on the Land Values (Scotland) Bill, which had been rejected by the House of Lords last year, and which the Government were about to send back to the House of Lords again as a challenge.

His speech was fairly vigorous, although it was noticed that he seemed somewhat nervous, and made more use than usual of the copious notes which he had brought down with him.

About 7.30 in the evening he sent me a message with a desire to see me. I found him in one of the small private rooms immediately behind the Speaker's chair. I discussed with him fully the forthcoming Home Rule debate, which was to take place the following Monday, and I found him most anxious and determined that the discussion should be of a character entirely satisfactory to Ireland and to the Irish Party.

He told me that he had made up his mind to wind up the debate himself, and that I could rely upon his making a strong Home Rule declaration.

Knowing the enfeebled state of his health, I suggested that he ought to

speak early in the debate instead of putting himself to the labor of waiting up until a late hour and speaking, perhaps, at midnight. He answered that by saying: "I am not so far gone as all that, and I am quite determined to wind up the debate myself."

I noticed that his face was not only drawn, but almost ghastly in its pallor, and I apologized to him for having kept him so long; but he would not hear of any apology. On the contrary, he assured me that he was as anxious as I was myself about the success of the forthcoming debate. He said he was then going home to have a quiet evening and rest. He said "good-night" to me and went out by the private door at the back of the Speaker's chair, and immediately left the building.

That was the last occasion on which he ever set foot in the House of Commons.

I confess that I felt extremely uneasy about the state of his health, and I mentioned to more than one friend that evening that I was almost shocked at his appearance at close quarters.

I cannot say that I was entirely surprised when, the next afternoon, I was informed, in the strictest confidence, that once again he was extremely, seriously, ill.

The public did not know, at that time, anything about it, and even when mention was made in the papers that he was indisposed the matter was made light of. But I knew, from the Thurs-



day afternoon, that he would never be seen in the House of Commons again.

A striking instance of his extraordinary anxiety for the result of the Home Rule discussion was afforded the next day—that is, Friday, the 14th of February.

Mr. Birrell had suddenly been struck down by influenza, and we were then in this position: that neither the Minister responsible for Ireland nor the Prime Minister would be able to take part in the Home Rule debate on the following Monday.

I put myself in communication with Mr. Asquith, who was acting as Leader of the House in the absence of the Prime Minister, and represented to him the difficulties of proceeding with the debate in the absence of these two gentlemen.

After consulting with some of his colleagues, I was informed by Mr. Asquith that, on the whole, it would be better for the debate to proceed, and that he himself would take part in it.

Later on Friday afternoon, however, I ascertained that "C.-B.," having heard that Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary, would be incapacitated from taking part in the debate, had sent an urgent message over to the House of Commons for a well-known Cabinet Minister to visit him.

This latter gentleman returned after about half an hour. He had had an interview by the bedside with the Prime Minister, who informed him, if the debate was not adjourned, that he had made up his mind, no matter what the cost, that he would get up out of bed and come over and take part in the discussion himself.

In consequence of this message, the debate was finally adjourned; but, unfortunately, the Prime Minister was never able to take the part in it which he intended.

During the last twenty years I had very many opportunities of judging of

the friendliness of "C.-B." to Ireland and the cause of Home Rule.

His great characteristic was that, in face of intimidation and pressure of all sorts he always stood by his guns. He refused to budge one inch to the clamor which was raised against him over the South African War; and, in the same way, he refused to budge one inch on the question of Home Rule in deference to the pressure within his own Party, led by Lord Rosebery and his friends.

At the last General Election, if it rested with him, Home Rule would have been one of the leading issues to be decided by the electors. Indeed, so far as he personally was concerned, he did his best to make it so.

In his speech at Stirling during the Election, and in his subsequent utterances, he put the Home Rule question to the very front, and, in Lord Rosebery's subsequent words, "Nailed the Home Rule flag to the mast."

He absolutely declined to give any pledge that Home Rule would not be dealt with effectively in this Parliament. But he was not master of the situation, and before the Election he naturally never had any conception of the extraordinary reaction of popular favor towards the Liberal Party which was about to be witnessed.

The result was that other members of the Party and other members of the new Government gave pledges which had the consequence of effectively ruling out Home Rule in the full sense of the term for this Parliament.

To have carried out his own view with reference to Home Rule, "C.-B." would have been forced to smash his Cabinet and his Government immediately after they came into power.

I have had, for many long years, personal and political relations with "C.-B." of a somewhat close character, and I formed the opinion that, as a politician, he was perfectly straightfor-

ward and reliable, and, as an individual, was of a most lovable character.

In proposing a resolution in the House of Commons, consequent upon the assassination of the King of Portugal, "C.-B." described that monarch as "the manly, friendly, kindly King." There never was a man of whom those words were so true as they were of "C.-B." himself. These were his characteristics—manliness, friendliness, and

kindliness.

The Nation.

In him Ireland certainly has lost a good friend, and I think it speaks well for the public life of England that, in his instance, the qualities which I have mentioned led, in the end, in spite of calumny, prejudice, and abuse, to the very highest office in the nation, and gained for him the universal respect and regret of men of all political parties and creeds.

J. E. Redmond.

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## FLOWER OF ORANGE.

*By an Egoist Abroad.*

White noon that on the columned patio falls  
Still leaves the flanking chambers dim and cool,  
Here where the swart kings held their alien rule  
Behind Alcázar's battlemented walls.

Cusped arch and arabesque and cedar dome  
Endure for sign of their illustrious reign,  
Wrought in a borrowed art when royal Spain  
Once more was mistress in her ancient home.

And here the terraced gardens lie below,  
Lovely with rose and iris and the scent  
Of myrtle labyrinths where lovers went  
Losing their ways and hearts—how long ago!

Made restive by a poignant itch for rhyme,  
I yearn, among these Andalusian bowers,  
To conjure back from sleep the golden hours,  
And solve the strange conundrums set by Time.

Here, then, they lived and loved (or so 'tis said),  
Here strolled in couples, trailing courtly feet,  
Bathed on occasion in the broiling heat,  
And ultimately vanished, being dead.

And was their life-work largely lost in air?  
I have no certain news how that may be,  
But this I know, because my eyes can see—  
At least they kept their pleasure green and fair.

Acting without posterity's advice,  
Could it occur to them that some fine day  
I too, the ages' heir, might walk this way  
And want to find their gardens looking nice?

Not it. They failed to read their mission clear,  
Yet served, unconsciously, that useful end,  
Giving me (see enclosed) my chance to send  
This flower of orange home to you, my dear.

*Owen Seaman.*

*Seville, April 21.*

*Punch.*

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### THE FUTURE IN SPANISH AMERICA.

The interesting ceremony at Washington last Tuesday may serve to bring home to the ordinary European reader of newspapers the gradual and welcome progress of the smaller Spanish-American States in stability and international repute. The Bureau of American Republics, of which President Roosevelt then laid the foundation-stone, is due in the main, like the Palace of Peace at the Hague, to Mr. Carnegie's munificence. It is to house the permanent staff of that Pan-American Congress which plays on the American Continent a part more important than the Hague Conference can yet claim in the civilized world. The Pan-American Congress and its Bureau will help the small Republics of Southern and Central America to closer commercial intercourse, to stability at home, and to permanent peace and harmony among themselves. Emancipated from the Spanish yoke in the early nineteenth century, with British sympathy, and with the moral aid of the British Foreign Office, they did little during their first half-century of liberty to justify the hopes of their sympathizers in the old world. Their difficulties, seldom appreciated in Europe, have been various and immense. They started under the shadow of two conflicts, survivals of their colonial period; that be-

tween the central authority and local interests, which reappeared as a struggle between the federal principle and centralization, notably in Mexico, Colombia, and Argentina, and that between the State and an aggressively militant Church. Their wars of liberation left them with a host of ambitious generals, ready to exploit these conflicts for their own ends. The form of society, which remained essentially aristocratic, enabled these leaders to win sufficient support by gaining over only a few rich and influential landholders; and abundant troops were always available, because the disbanded soldiery of a revolution could not settle down to the dull routine of rural peonage. The strange racial compounds of Indian and negro blood with a dash of Castilian and Basque were intractable material for government. Revolution followed revolution, and each succeeding Government was tainted with the misdeeds of its predecessors, and held responsible for their debts. No doubt in the greater States these conditions have passed away. Argentina has long exhibited honesty in the payment of her national obligations, though the same cannot be said for all her State Governments, and there are occasionally ominous rumors of coming disturbance. Chili has been

stable since 1891, Brazil since 1895, Uruguay since 1904. Mexico, under Diaz, like Athens under Pericles, is a democracy in name, but dominated by her first citizen; Colombia has made some progress under President Reyes; Peru has recovered from her defeat by Chili, and entered, under British and American auspices, on a period of pacific development of her vast natural resources; and, though the smaller Republics occasionally give cause for anxiety, there is reason to hope that, with assistance from Washington, they may settle their quarrels, straighten out their finances, render European intervention unnecessary, and avert the repetition of any such international incidents as took place in Venezuela five years ago.

Of the assistance they may expect from the United States there have been several examples in recent years. In his Message of December, 1905, President Roosevelt, while disclaiming any desire to interfere with the satisfaction of the just claims of foreign creditors, offered the Spanish-American Governments skilled assistance in so ordering their finances as to preclude the necessity of such intervention. Last December, again, a conference at Washington made peace between Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador, and established a new High Court to settle disputes between the Republics of Central America, besides providing that no Government not constitutionally elected shall be recognized by the rest, so that a revolution becomes in theory almost impossible. At the last Pan-American Congress, at Rio Janeiro in 1906, Mr. Root disclaimed any desire on the part of the United States Government to interfere in the domestic politics of South America; but, without such interference, it can protect the smaller States from each other and from themselves by diplomatic means. Just now there

*The Economist.*

are, no doubt, fresh apprehensions of serious difficulties between certain of the smaller States. There is a boundary dispute between Panama and Colombia which, according to the *New York Journal of Commerce* has brought President Reyes to the neighborhood of the disputed area on the River Atrato. There is a dispute likewise between Venezuela and Colombia, the former State claiming an extension of territory in the Guajira peninsula, and also a district near Cucuta, containing a railway running from that town to Encontrados, on the Venezuelan railway to Maracaibo. In Central America there is friction between Guatemala and Honduras, and Guatemala and Mexico—set up by the recent attempts at revolution in Guatemala, and the resultant efforts of her Government to obtain the extradition of the revolutionists, and aggravated by old jealousies dating from the colonial period about the boundaries of Mexico and Guatemala. But it is hardly likely that these disputes will be allowed to go far. War is a particularly undesirable method of solution as between these little States, inasmuch as it is always likely to end in revolution; and the United States Government has a strong interest in preventing them from injuring each other and themselves. Within the next ten years, and probably sooner, the Panama Canal will open up their resources, and initiate a period of prosperity which may more than justify President Roosevelt's predictions. But they cannot do much without foreign capital and Italian or Spanish immigrants, and they will not get either without stability and peace. To these benefits they will be assisted by friendly advice from Washington, and perhaps from the greater capitals of Spanish America, and the new Bureau will be its chief organ.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mrs. Mary Austin's "Santa Lucia" adds one more to the innumerable studies of mismatched men and women, and should be read twice before it is finally judged, inasmuch as its author lacks the gift of sharply defining her characters. One discovers, when one comes to the end of the book, that both the couple in whose life peace is finally wrought, and the pair utterly crushed are really worth study, and the third pair, the happy lovers, are not insipid, as third pairs often are. The story would have been worth writing, had it been dull otherwise, for the sake of the attempted elopement, prevented by neighborly stupidity. One does not expect such irony in books not written in French or Spanish. Harper & Brothers.

About 150 full page photographs from nature, taken by Mr. Arthur I. Emerson, and accompanying text by Mr. Clarence M. Weed, form the book entitled "Our Trees, How to Know Them." The pictures are clear and some of them are admirable, but the text is not uniformly arranged or planned, and lacks so many details that it would not be of much use to an ignorant explorer of the woods. The text is intended to be a guide to the recognition of the trees at any season of the year, but as the color of the bark and the color of the leaf buds, and even of the blossoms are often omitted from the description the book is somewhat disappointing as a guide. To one who knows the trees described, it will be a pleasure to examine the pictures, and peruse the text. The Lippincott Company.

Miss Anna Chapin Ray's plain determination in her latest novel, "Quicken'd" to be just to those

holding a faith alien to her own will bring her many friends who have not been attracted by the purely secular cleverness of her former stories. From the moment when "Teddy her Book" revealed her as an admirable writer for young girls, and in every step of the way during the production of her well-planned and well-written novels she has steadily improved, and in touching on spiritual matters she grows stronger. Not even in "On the Firing Line" is there anything so vividly impressive as her picture of the observances at the shrine of St. Anne, her portrayal of the deep emotion of the worshippers; the complications of plot in "Ackroyd of the Faculty" are simple beside those in this later book. It should be said that notwithstanding its sympathetic treatment of Catholicism there is nothing in the book to offend an educated Protestant. Little, Brown & Co.

Probably Mr. Harold Morton Kramer has not yet found the vein in which his best work lies, but that uncovered in "The Castle of Dawn" is far richer than those tapped by "Hearts and the Cross," or by "Gayle Langford." It must be admitted that it is only just possible that a wonderful castle should be built in the Ozark Mountains, and that it should become the home of a temporarily dispossessed ruler and his attendant traitors, for Spanish America and the Balkan States produce enough dispossessed rulers to satisfy the demand of the earth. It is also possible that the ruler and his following should be very ready with the revolver; that their mountaineer neighbors, living in justifiable dread of the internal revenue officers should be similarly ready; and that the hero and heroine being held captive with no explanation



offered should not be especially scrupulous, but Mr. Kramer makes all this seem probable, and keeps his personages in lively motion, none the less interesting because its meaning is not explained to the reader until the tale is nearly ended. Moreover, he does not imitate Anthony Hope, his heroine is a very good specimen of the American girl, and the keystone of the story is not set until the arch is ready for it, and all these points are in his favor. In future his books will be awaited in confident expectation of good work. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

"The Belle Islers" is illustrated by more than thirty pictures in which Mr. Wallace Goldsmith shows the American boy and the American girl as they are, no matter what Mr. Peter Newell and Miss Charlotte Harding may choose to present as their portraits. The text of which the greater part purports to be written by a boy of fifteen describes an American village as it appears to his uncharitable eyes whose vision is sharpened by the consciousness that his father, a minister of the same type as him of Auburn, is the victim of his parishioners' avarice, meanness, and dishonesty and that they deliberately play upon a nature too fine for their understanding, in order to rob the man whom they pretend to honor. It is a tale writ large in many a village chronicle, but in fiction it has not before appeared in its entirety. Either some descending angel has brought healing to the waters of the pool, and the parishioners have reformed and lived thereafter in a state of touching submission to their pastor, or the clergyman has died, and they have felt remorse and called it repentance, a proceeding equally productive of self-satisfaction. It is understood that the pseudonym of Richard Brinsley Newman conceals a clergyman. It is to be hoped that his congregation will

not reduce his salary lest he should wax fat upon the profits of the book, for it should be read by the members of all the denominations in which the laborer is not deemed worthy of his hire. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

The time abounds in books outlining a character by touches, and requiring close attention from the reader, and more intelligence than is necessary for the mastery of a novel defining each character; and the latest book of the species "The Comments of Bagshot," by Mr. J. A. Spender, is even more exacting than the average. "Bagshot" is shown as quite free from the ordinary anxiety to conform to an accepted type of humanity, yet so sane and honest that he falls into no eccentricity, but sees life all the more clearly because not agitated as to his position therein. His editor, as Mr. Spender chooses to be called, is represented as the executor of his will and the heir to his library in which were many diaries and manuscript notebooks, and book annotations such as a man chary of expression to those not fit might jot down for his own future companionship. They touch upon an infinite number of things, for he was not only an omnivorous reader, but a man of affairs, accustomed to executive work, and compelled to study many manifestations of human activity. Bores, gambling, literature, women, dreams, thrift, money, reticence, are but a few of his topics, and on each he really has something to say, and to those who read him as he should be read, he will become one of those friends who come forth from their covers when requested and are all the dearer because they never can ask to come, and so are encountered only when one is in the mood for them, after the manner of friends in the Swedenborgian heaven. Henry Holt & Co.